CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

July 15, 1950

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EDITORIALS

Collecting for Good Works Needn't Leave a Bad Taste

DON'T get us wrong about charity. It's both wonderful and essential. But, like a lot of other wonderful and essential things, it does get in your hair now and then.

No matter how great their generosity there aren't many self-sustaining Canadians who haven't felt an occasional twinge of irritation over the high cost of giving. In many cases this feeling has far less to do with the cost in dollars and cents than with the cost in time and petty inconvenience.

It's a rare wage earner or salary earner who isn't asked between 10 and 20 times a year to stop on the street and fish out a quarter for a tag day, to break into his working day to consider a written appeal for charitable funds, or to interrupt his home gardening to talk to a door-to-door canvasser. Usually the person who puts the bite on him is a public-spirited volunteer with no hope of getting anything out of the job personally except fallen arches, writer's cramp or laryngitis.

The reason we bring this up is that we've been hearing about a remarkable plan which reduces the nuisance factor in public fund-raising to an almost invisible minimum. It's a purely volunteer scheme called Employees' Welfare Service Fund. Under its auspices 55,000 Toronto workers decide at the beginning of each year how much money they're going to give to charity and where they're going to give it and arrange, with the co-operation of their employers, to have it deducted in small weekly installments from their pay cheques.

The checkoff for charity has been used by many individual charitable organizations, but the thing that's unique about EWSF is that it enables the donor to consolidate *all* the foreseeable calls on his generosity and respond to them all at once.

At the beginning of each year the contributor to EWSF agrees to give half of one per cent of his earnings—the equivalent of 15 minutes a week of his working time—to a group of charities which he designates according to his own choice. He arranges to have his contributions prorated as he sees fit among the various agencies.

When a canvasser calls the EWSF supporter's membership card says, in effect: "I'm in favor of what you people are doing. In fact, I've already done my part." When any of the organizations he's supporting plans a tag day the EWSF member can, if he wishes, get his tag a day ahead, gratis. At the end of the year he gets a single receipt to cover his allowable income tax deductions.

Because the system reduces mailing lists and canvassers' expenses collection costs run to a bare three per cent—a fraction of the normal campaign overhead for an individual charity. And, because its simple inclusive appeal reaches far more people than can be reached by individual appeals, it can meet its objectives without asking the average donor for more than a few cents a week.

Teen-agers Make Good

YOU couldn't pick out any special heroes of Winnipeg's Battle of the Dikes—every section of the able-bodied population was represented on the sandbag line.

Just the same, we'd like to point out that among the dike fighters were a good many of the people that many adults would like to write off as a dead loss—the teen-agers. When the waters rose the purple pants and bobby sox set were in there pitching. R. James Speers, the Winnipeg horseman, thought their efforts worth a warm mention over the air when he was in the East for the King's Plate.

It's true some of the teen-age volunteers earned bad marks for behavior off the job. But all in all they did their bit and it's nice to be able to give a pat on the back to a group often considered more hoodlum than human.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling manuscripts submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript.

Printed and Published continuously as Toronto Ey
MACLEAN-HUNTER
Publishing Company Limited
481 University Avenue Toronto 2, Canada
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN Founder and Chairman
HORACE T. HUNTER, President
FLOYD S. CHALMERS Executive Vice-President
THOMAS H. ROWSE, Vice President and Counsellor
EUROPEAN OFFICE Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, S.W.1 Telephone Whitehall 8811. Telegraphic address: London
SUBSCRIPTION RATES In Canada $2.00 all other parts of British Empire $3.00 per year. United States, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, $3.00; other countries $4.00 per year. Single Copies 15 cents.
Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa
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Some DOs and DON'Ts for Summer Months

These are the months when fresh air, sunshine, and outdoor exercise can contribute most to good health and the enjoyment of life. To get full benefit from summertime, however, it is well to be on guard against accidents and health hazards.

Fatal accidents in the summer are about 20% above the annual average, according to official vital statistics' reports. In fact, during June, July, and August there is an average of about 30 accidental deaths per day. So, to help you avoid common summer hazards, here are some of the things that safety and health authorities often recommend:



DO . . . take proper precautions for safety in the water. It is estimated that fewer than 1 out of 14 Canadians who participate in water sports can be considered skilled swimmers, and even they may sometimes need assistance. So it is always best to swim only where other people are around to help if you need it. When swimming even moderate distances away from shore, try to have someone in a boat accompany you.



DON'T . . . exercise too strenuously on week ends or during your vacation. Too strenuous exercise, especially if you are not accustomed to it, puts a heavy strain on heart and blood vessels. Some physical activity, however, is usually beneficial. Your doctor, taking into account your age and physical condition, can advise about the kind and amount of activity you may enjoy safely.



DO . . . learn the principles of First Aid. An accident or emergency may occur where you are. If you know how to take prompt and proper action before a doctor arrives, you will help to protect the victim, and may save his life. To do this, you may want to learn basic First Aid techniques, including artificial respiration. Your local branch of the St. John Ambulance Association will be glad to help you.



DON'T . . . take chances on overexposure to the sun. Starting slowly (about 10 minutes the first day) and tanning gradually may help avoid a painful or serious burn. In addition, if you stay out in the sun too long or exercise strenuously during the hottest part of the day, sunstroke or heat exhaustion may result. Getting out of the sun before you get too red or too hot is a wise safeguard.



DO . . . make sure, when you are away from home, that the water you drink is safe. Water that looks clear and tastes good may still contain disease-carrying germs. So when you are on vacation, or on week-end hiking or camping trips, make sure the water is pure. If there is any doubt, you will be wise to boil it for at least five minutes.



DON'T . . . neglect cuts, bruises, or other minor injuries. Prompt First Aid should include cleaning the wound, applying a mild antiseptic and covering with a sterile bandage. This will lessen the chances of infection. Of course, if signs of infection appear, such as redness or swelling, a doctor should be consulted promptly.

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

New Deal for Newcomers

By BLAIR FRASER
Maclean's Ottawa Editor

INDICATIONS are that we shall soon have another new deal in immigration.

Officials are very closemouthed about the details of their hopes and plans, which have yet to be approved by Cabinet. It is a reasonable speculation, though, that several things will be done by some means or other:

1. Widen the field of selection. The pools from which recent immigration has been drawn are drying up. Immigrants can be brought in for assured employment in a narrow range of specific industries, such as farming and lumbering, from the "favored nations"—Britain, France and the U.S.—they can come to any job at all. So the reasonable prospect of getting one. But currency and other difficulties have impeded the flow from the favored nations and it is getting harder and harder to find DP's or other Europeans fitted for the jobs now open to them.

2. Cut red tape. At present, to admit any immigrant who falls outside the specified classes you have to get an order in council passed by Cabinet. In practice these are not scrutinized—all one knows they were going through at the rate of 150 a day. Cabinet takes the Immigration Department's word for it that John Doe is a desirable immigrant. Still, even the formality of going through Cabinet is an administrative bottleneck of the first magnitude. Just how they'll get around this obstacle remains to be seen, but it would be logical to give more discretion to the department itself.

These two hurdles could be got over very easily as they imply no change in basic policy. They'd merely make it easier to apply the policy that's been in force ever since war ended—to bring in as many people as can be readily absorbed in the economy without changing the character of the Canadian population.

One step in this direction has already been taken. By an order-in-council passed last March, immigration officers may now admit certain classes of German nationals. So far the new rules apply only to close relatives of people already here, but the trend seems to be away from the enemy alien concept and toward the acceptance of Germans as potential citizens. By the same order-in-council the so-called "volksdeutsch"—descendants of German-speaking communities outside Germany—are removed from the "enemy alien" category and may now come in on the same terms as other Europeans.

Other changes could be made just as easily—maybe they will have been made by the time this gets into print.

Some immigration officials are hoping, though for a much more drastic shift which would certainly be weighed with great care before being tried. They'd like to go back to some form of direct financial assistance to the immigrant. Without that, they argue, we can never maintain an adequate flow of the newcomers we most want, the British and the French.

Just how they'd go about this they aren't quite sure. One possibility ought be to lend British immigrants the full amount of the £1,000 which the British Treasury lets them take out by installments over four years. Another

Continued on page 52



Cartoon by Grosstick

It's harder and harder to find immigrants on our terms

LONDON LETTER by BEVERLEY BAXTER

Socialists Are Still Stunned

FROM the time the British Labor Party swept to power in 1945 I endeavored in these London Letters to give as objective a picture of the political scene as was possible. It might be argued that a Conservative M.P., emotionally and politically opposed to Socialism, could hardly attain complete impartiality. In fact there were times when indignant correspondents thought I was more objectionable than objective.

Yet in my two lecture tours in the U.S. and in my tour of Canada last September I admitted the immense importance of Britain's Socialist experiment, paid tribute to the party's missionary work in quickening the human conscience toward the poor and the underprivileged and declared that no government could turn back the clock and have things exactly as they were before.

I did, however make two prophecies. 1. That Socialism would fail. 2. That from the Socialist experiment would emerge a new era of humanist capitalism.

Therefore I propose that in this London Letter we should discuss the crisis which is facing the only remaining Socialist national government in the Western world—if we exclude Scandinavia.

That there is a crisis cannot be denied. The result of the February election was a blow on the chin which rocked the Socialists to their heels. They had won every previous round, not losing a single by-election in any seat which they had held in 1945. We cannot find any parallel to that in our political history.

But when the general election came they went down like ninepins. It was a miracle that the party was not defeated, and the shock stunned them.

An immediate inquest was held to discover what had happened. "We have lost the middle classes," said Herbert Morrison, "and we cannot get a working majority without them." Aneurin Bevan pounded the table and said: "We lost because we abandoned Socialism."

You may quarrel with my use of the word "lost" but that is how the Socialists themselves regard the election result.

My own opinion is that the crushing setback was due to the fact that the benefits of Socialism are inextricable from its exasperations and that an overplanned economy comes into headlong conflict with human nature.

It is said that figures are dull things but when we learned that this year's Budget would be £4,000 millions (more than at the climax of the war) we got to work with our pencils and pads and found that taxation at the level is at the rate of £80 ($240) for every man, woman and child in the country. I have reached this total by dividing 50 million people into 4,000 million pounds and if I am wrong you must blame compulsory education. In other words the Government intends to spend on the scale of £80 per head, no matter how

Continued on page 41



State-control roundabout: when coal's dearer so is transport, gas, power



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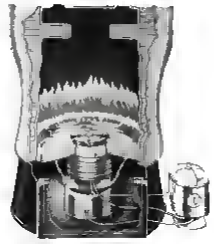
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MACLEAN'S

How Gold Thieves Get Away With Millions

By DON DELAPLANTE

The high-grading racket has its roots deep in the rich mines of northern Canada. The payoff is sometimes in New York, or even Morocco, at the end of a trail of graft, hijacking and murder



BOB ALLEN, a special detective for mine owners, once found $5,000 gold hidden in a brassière

ON JUNE 2 thieves blew the vault at the Delnite mine in Ontario's famous Porcupine camp and carted off three newly poured gold bars worth $74,000. It was the biggest single robbery in Canadian mining history. And it was pulled off in spite of rumors of the coup which had been rampant for six weeks.

No single incident could more strikingly underline the great high-grading racket. The theft and smuggling of high-grade ore and gold cost Canadian mines more than $2 millions each year. It is bizarre, spectacular, cunning thievery marked by graft, hijacking and calculated murder. Its practitioners are masters of the double-cross; news of newly planned thefts often leaks out beforehand.

Its ramifications are international. Stolen Canadian gold usually winds up in the free world market in Paris or is sold privately in Central Europe or the Middle East at $40 an ounce. Three years ago (before Russia flooded the market) the price hit $100.

In April, 1945, Theodore H. Thompson, a U.S. citizen employed by the RAF as a ferry pilot out of Montreal, was nabbed with $50,000 of bullion as he landed at Rabat, French Morocco. The tip had come all the way from Timmins in Northern Ontario, where police shadowed an associate who was picked up in the Porcupine camp with $10,000 in gold.

In the Delnite case police swiftly recovered the gold and arrested two refinery workers. These were the first major arrests for high-grading in five years, though insiders in the industry are certain the crime is on the increase in Canada.

Ontario mines lose a million dollars a year to high-graders. Quebec *Continued on page 50*

GOLD BUTTONS are easy to hide, but police squads know just where to look. Light-fingered miners, who barely regard high-grading as theft, hide the stuff in false teeth, soap and homemade cigarettes





PHYSIOTHERAPIST DOROTHY MADGETT, under guidance of doctors, instructs mothers-to-be in Read's relaxing system. Brenda Pigott (centre) was the star.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH — SOMETIMES

Though more and more doctors see merit in the Read system of avoiding labor pains many still insist that anaesthesia and surgery at the actual birth are important to the welfare of the mother

By JUNE CALLWOOD

THE hospital's maternity floor was hushed. The crying of newborn babies in the nursery was inaudible down the wide hall. Behind a door marked Delivery Room, motherhood's chamber of travail there was no sound. The door swung open silently and a nurse hurried out, looking back in consternation. "Good gosh!" she said to a group at the reception desk. "There's a woman in there having a baby and she's reading a book."

A slender young woman turned from the group and beamed. "Ah!" she said. "my patient."

She was Dorothy Madgett, Toronto physiotherapist currently instructing pregnant women in the science of relaxing during childbirth. The theory has been advanced, and proven, that it is possible to go without anaesthetic and not suffer a labor pain. In hospitals all over the continent women are being wheeled into the delivery room in the last stages of labor, fully conscious and calmly puffing their nails.

But while most doctors in Canada seem to agree that it's a fine thing for a woman to get through her labor naturally without drugs or gas the great majority believe that at the moment of birth, a quick anaesthetic and the application of surgical science will not only help the baby but safeguard against serious damage to the mother.

One curious handicap of the new relax-and-it-won't-hurt philosophy is that doctors who customarily rely on the patient's moans to indicate the proximity of birth are entirely at sea. One of Miss Madgett's patients was waiting at her home until her contractions were close enough to assure her that there was no chance of a false alarm. Since she was having no pain the only way she could time her contractions was to keep her hand on the top of her abdomen and wait for the hardening of the muscles. When these knotting up sensations were three minutes apart she phoned her doctor and announced gaily that she was ready.

"Get back to bed!" her doctor growled. "You're no more ready to have a baby than I am."

The woman became panicky and began to tighten up instead of relaxing. Immediately her pains became real and violent. She phoned Dorothy Madgett sobbing and was advised to call the doctor again. This time he was convinced.

Another woman was reading a detective story in the labor room, religiously relaxing when she felt her contractions starting. Her doctor poked her head through the door and enquired genially how things were coming along.

"Just fine," the patient smiled back. "I'm having a contraction now. Do you want to feel and see how it is?"

"Nope," answered the doctor, sliding back into the hall. "I've been delivering babies for 20 years. I can tell by your face that you've quite a while yet."

Twenty minutes later the expectant mother was on the delivery table, a nurse was hunting for the doctor and another was holding her knees together so the baby wouldn't be born unattended. When the anaesthetist arrived the patient protested she wasn't suffering a bit.

"I Pushed For All I Was Worth"

THESE cases where the mothers get through their labor without pain and without drugs then get an anaesthetic at the very last moment are still uncommon enough on maternity floors to cause a stir among the staff. But the four-star sensations are the women who, despite the dour warnings of their doctors, have an entire childbirth without anaesthetic.

Two months ago one of Madgett's pupils, Mrs. Brenda Pemberton Pigott, a dark-eyed, vivid English physiotherapist, became a seven-day wonder at Toronto East General Hospital where her baby was delivered. Mrs. Pigott's labor lasted about 20 hours and from the first twinge in her back until she walked off the delivery table the mother of an eight-pound girl, she didn't take so much as an aspirin. She reports that her main source of discomfort is boredom at having to repeat the details 15 times a day to her friends and neighbors.

"When my contractions started," she relates, avoiding the obsolete word "pain," "I walked around a bit, dropping into a chair and relaxing whenever I felt my abdomen hardening. Dorothy (Madgett) came into the labor room with me and we talked. As physiotherapists it was very interesting to us.

"The most uncomfortable time was just before the bearing-down period started. I started to toss my head from side to side on the pillow and I heard myself say, 'I don't know what to do, I just don't know what to do.'

"Once I had started to bear down I began to really enjoy myself. I took a deep breath at the beginning of each contraction, leaned my ribs down on the baby and pushed for all I was worth. The harder I pushed the better it felt. In-between I relaxed. Suddenly I had the feeling that something had gone. I thought 'Oh oh, I've torn myself.' I stopped bearing down immediately and did little panting breaths. I felt this sensation of splitting and it took all my concentration to keep relaxed. Finally, the baby's shoulders appeared and the splitting sensation stopped. They held up my baby and I saw we had a daughter."

She Had All The Trimmings

MRS. PIGOTT watched them put a tube in the baby's mouth and suck out the mucus in her throat. Immediately the child began to cry. The doctor hadn't used forceps at all so the baby's head had no bruises.

In the last moments of birth Mrs. Pigott suffered a tear in the birth canal but, as soon as the doctor sewed this up, she began her exercises to get her tummy back to normal, contracting and relaxing her muscles.

A nurse came to her side and said the doctor had instructed that the patient could walk back to her room. Another nurse was incredulous, checked with the doctor again. He said 'Sure, let her.' So Mrs. Pigott walked into the labor room, put on the slippers and dressing gown she had left there and strolled back to her room.

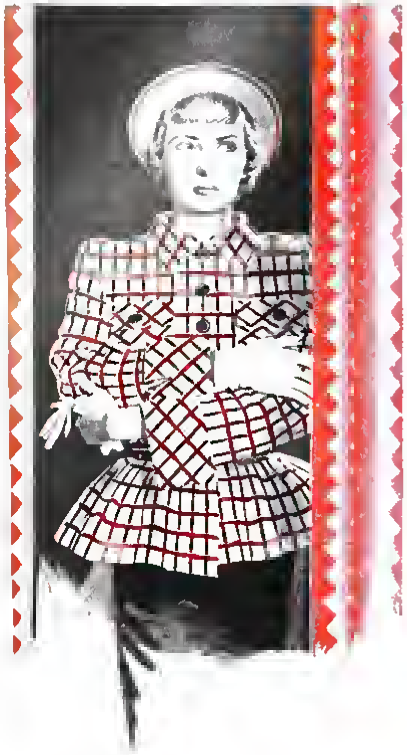
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MRS. PIGOTT'S daughter was born without use of anaesthetics at all. Doctors warn of possible dangers.



RELAX, RELAX, is the secret of the Read way. But nature is not always careful of the mother's health.



FIRE THAT Redhead!

She was sweet and reasonable as most young wives go. She took an interest in his career as an artist as long as he painted innocent apples and shapely vases and dead fish. But redheaded models are not still life. They are dynamite



By ROBERT ZACKS

20 January, 1950

Mr. Gil Breckenbridge
Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates
Engineering Consultants
Toronto, Ontario
Dear Dad:

Even though you're my father-in-law I hope you're going to be on my side in this fight I've had with Ann.

She's my wife and I expect her to act like a wife. Send her home immediately. She had no business running back there anyway.

Your son-in-law
Pete Stanford

GILBERT BRECKENBRIDGE ASSOCIATES
Engineering Consultants
Toronto, Ontario

22 January, 1950

Dear Pete my boy:

What on earth are you talking about? What fight? What happened? I haven't heard or seen from Ann for three weeks. Rush your answer immediately as I'm very concerned.

I don't know what the scrap's about but if you don't think Ann knows how to give and take you've a horrible lesson coming. Believe me, my boy, I'm on your side, because you'll need me more than she will.

Sincerely,
Gilbert Breckenbridge

24 January, 1950

Gilbert Breckenbridge
G. Breckenbridge Associates
Engineering Consultants
Toronto, Ontario
Dear Dad:

Your daughter is the most bull-headed, unreasonable female mule that ever kicked down a door. I love her but she's driving me crazy. She doesn't seem to understand that it is the function of a wife to keep a nice home and let the man make the money in the way he knows best. As you know I'm an artist free-lancing. Ann dropped into my studio unexpectedly and took a dislike to my model. Which is the most ridiculous thing imaginable. Mary Carter, my model, happens to be a redhead. Ann took one look at her, coldly told me she never did like redheads and next thing you know we were quarreling.

She's hiding out somewhere, making me sweat. If you hear from her, tell her I'll forgive her if she'll come back and stick to the kitchen, like a good wife. And I'll have Mary dye her hair black. This thing isn't fair to Mary who is a lovable kid.

Tell Ann, if you hear from her, my black eye is okay and that I can be just as stubborn as she can.

Sincerely,
Pete

24 January, 1950

Gil Breckenbridge Associates
Engineering Consultants
Toronto, Ontario
Dear Pop,

Please send me $500. I am going into business as a photographer.

I presume you've heard from Pete? If not, let me inform you that I am in the process of teaching that rash young man that I am no mere kitchen slavey to be treated patronizingly, or to be underestimated in any manner.

As a good wife should, I attempted to show an interest in Pete's career as an artist. I told him I'd drop down and watch him work since I had little to do at home. He objected rather strenuously. My curiosity was aroused. So I dropped in without announcing it beforehand.

Hah! Enough said. You can imagine my shock and horror when I walked in on him and found him staring lasciviously at a

Continued on page 24

ILLUSTRATED BY BEK WOODS



HE KNEW ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME
Sir William Wiseman, chief of the British agents in New York, kept an eye on the pathetic plotters

A Maclean's Flashback

THE MEN WHO TRIED TO CAPTURE CANADA

By McKENZIE PORTER

In the greatest farce in secret-service history Franz von Papen and Karl Boy-Ed hatched a comic opera plot to carry the Kaiser's war to Canada

TOWARD the end of 1915 when World War I was bogging down in the mud of Europe, bloody battles against German armed forces would have scarred Canadian soil if Captain Franz von Papen, then military attaché to the Kaiser's ambassador in Washington, had realized plans to invade this country.

But his ambitious project involving the seizure of a bridgehead at Windsor, Ont., by 165,000 Teuton-Americans, revolution by Irish republicans, uprisings in Vancouver of Hindu stevedores, assault landings on the Pacific coast by German marines, and simultaneous destruction of railways, bridges, factories and canals from British Columbia to Nova Scotia, turned to vapor in the strangest farce ever recorded by secret-service historians.

Cherished by the German War Cabinet for nearly 12 months, the operation was abandoned only after intrigue, blundering, cowardice and avarice reduced its preliminary moves to fiasco and pointed up Von Papen as a tactical imbecile whose methods had obviously been culled from some yellow-jacket melodrama.

Yet Von Papen went on to become Chancellor of Germany before Hitler, to win a surprising world-wide reputation as "the crafty fox" of European diplomacy. Sentenced as a war criminal after World War II he was recently released from imprisonment in Germany, a broken old man of 70, to await what he once described as "the German warrior's supreme disgrace—to die in bed."

The overture to Von Papen's plot against Canada took the form of four sabotage and one insurrectionist sorties between December 1914 and September 1915. These underground actions occupied more than 100 conspirators in varying degrees of stupidity and cost nearly $2 millions. They were commanded by Von Papen from the then neutral safety of the United States at a time when considerable pro-German and anti-British sentiment was still manifest. They produced only the following meagre results: one CPR railroad bridge between New Brunswick and Maine damaged; one overall factory at Walkerville, Ont., destroyed.

The coup against Canada was concocted at the outbreak of war in 1914 by Von Papen, largely in No. 123, West 15th Street, New York City. This old-fashioned mansion with the brownstone stoop became known as "Number 123" and was a rendezvous for the rag, tag and bobtail of a German organization engaged in the clandestine disruption of munitions supplies from the U.S. to the Allies.

Men Had a Private Army

THE HOUSE was stuffed with blueprints, maps, photographs, small arms and disguises. Explosives were stored in the basements. It was also richly furnished and equipped with a fine kitchen and wine cellar. Two exotic maids, Jenuska, a Hungarian, and Rose, a mulatto, dabbled with the chatelaine, a plump baroness, Marthe Held, as hostesses to spies and saboteurs in need of relaxation.

Entry and exit were made in the Oppenheim tradition through a back basement door by a bizarre and cosmopolitan procession of visitors. Among them were Balkan, Irish and Hindu revolutionaries seeking secret German funds and arms with which to harass British and Allied efforts abroad and to achieve their own ends in the confusion of war.

There was also a collection of drug addicts, homosexuals, prostitutes, spendthrifts and traitors to a dozen European countries who were enticed into the German sabotage conspiracy against the U.S. on promise of gain and cunningly held under threat of exposure. They were the shadows, couriers, stool pigeons, fingermen, pickpockets and other small fry of the organization recruited by a blond and monkey-faced little character known as Max who was reputedly a printer by day and by night an assassin adept at giving his victims the appearance of suicides.

Max's riffraff were cynically and ruthlessly exploited by the German master spy, Naval Captain Franz von Rintelen, who in six months engineered the explosion at sea of nearly 50 Allied munitions ships; organized strikes on the American waterfront, almost fired an anti-U.S. rebellion in Mexico and laid the long-term plans for the Black Tom and Kingsland disasters of 1916 and 1917. (Black Tom was a New York quay stacked with shells for Russia which was completely destroyed by German saboteurs with a loss of more than $100 millions. Kingsland, the New Jersey ammunitory plant of the Montreal-owned Canadian Car and Foundry Company, was blown up by saboteurs and damage was estimated at $20 millions.)

The Spies and Their Sweethearts

VON RINTELEN made only odd visits to No. 123. With other successful agents in the U.S. he served under Colonel Walter Nicolai, head of the German Secret Service proper. They had no diplomatic immunity and knew that on discovery, they would be repudiated by their government.

Left alone they were highly effective. But they were eventually betrayed by the Byzantine palace politics which have always weakened German intelligence. There were half a dozen competing German intelligence units, each a private empire ruled from Berlin, each confusing the others with duplicatory endeavor.

One of these was run by Arthur Zimmerman, the German Foreign Minister. Zimmerman assigned Von Papen, the German military attaché, and Captain Karl Boy-Ed, the German naval attaché, to secret warfare behind their diplomatic cloaks.

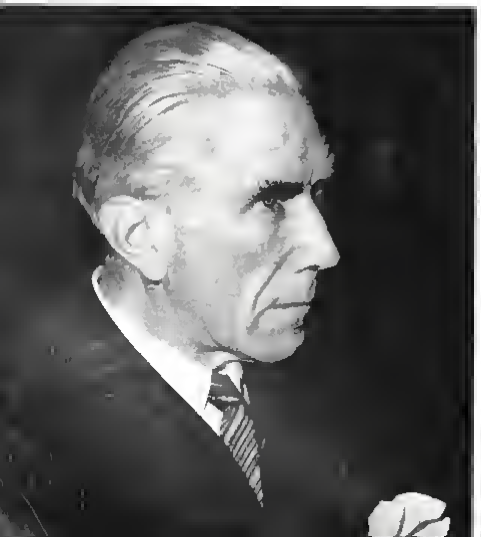
The two attachés were cronies. At the outset they muscled in on Von Rintelen's organization at No. 123. Its lurid atmosphere appealed to their adolescent conception of secret service. Von Rintelen spotted them immediately for dilettantes more suited to embassy ballrooms than cloak-and-dagger duties, but he was powerless to prevent them moving in on his setup and eventually wrecking it.

When World War I broke out Von Papen and Boy-Ed moved from Washington to New York because its polyglot population offered obvious advantages. They set up as a front an office at 60 Wall Street, ostensibly an advertising agency. But No. 123 was their favorite base.

They paired off with girls of dubious loyalties. Von Papen's girl was Mona Edwards, then the celebrated model for a camera company's ads, and known as the Eastman Girl. Boy-Ed's companion was a French girl named Vera who shared a room with Mona Edwards.

They were all constantly tailed by the British Secret Service, which was directed in New York by Sir William Wiseman, who moved about the city as Walter Wisdom of W. Wisdom Films. He employed as shadows members of an anti-German Czech organization headed brilliantly by Emanuel Victor Voska, a former sculptor of tombstones. At this time U.S. counter-espionage was in its infancy. Its officers were hamstrung in operations against Germans by

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FRANZ VON PAPEN today. "The Fox" was sentenced as a war criminal after World War II, then released to await an unsoldierly death.



FRANZ VON PAPEN in his glory. He used a monocle, could lift his left eyebrow three and a half inches. This delighted U.S. society.



FRANZ VON RINTELEN, a master spy, had to suffer the blunderers. But he still did plenty of damage.



WERNER HORN tried to blow St. Croix bridge but muffed it. He finished behind bars in Dorchester.



KARL BOY-ED celebrated with Von Papen in NYC headquarters following their "victories" in Canada.

This Is How Mamma Planned It

Ida Steinberg had five sons, $200 and an idea. Now her boys have 28 groceterias which are among the best on the continent, and gross about $60 millions a year. None of which would have surprised Mamma in the least

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

WHEN the Aluminum Company of Canada decided to build the new town of Arvida on the upper reaches of the Saguenay they invited Steinberg's to come along, too. The reason for the invitation was that so many of the engineers' wives had become accustomed to shopping at Steinberg's in Montreal that they were reluctant to move to a town where their favorite provision merchants didn't have a store.

Steinberg's, the grocery chain with such a firm grip on the heartstrings of these housewives consists of 28 (30 by the end of the year) ultramodern, de luxe self-serve groceterias, all but two of them in Montreal and its environs. (The others: Ottawa, Arvida.) This vast successful enterprise, which today has about $2 millions worth of groceries on hand daily, was started with $200 worth of them, 33 years ago, in a small Main Street shop in the Jewish section of Montreal, by Ida Steinberg, then the 28-year-old mother of five sons and two daughters.

Today Steinberg's does a larger volume of business per square foot than any other self-service store and, according to the five boys' chief, due to Mamma.

The boys took over the business when Mamma died in 1942. Sam, second eldest at 44, blond bantam-size dynamo is president. Jack, 46, is in charge of maintenance. Nathan, 42, ebullient and conversational, is in charge of meats and foods. Serious Max, 38, is in charge of construction. The youngest, Morris, 36, is the grocery buyer. (Father Steinberg, a baker in Hungary, died in 1927. He never took an active part in the grocery business.)

Ida Steinberg was an energetic, small woman with a handsome, strong face and wide-spaced brown eyes. The $200 with which she started her grocery wouldn't pay for one cash register in one of the new stores today.

The Steinbergs won't divulge any figures on their turnover or profits, but Sam (sometimes called Cautious Sam) allowed himself to be trapped one day.

"It's been reported that you do about $30 millions worth of business a year," he was asked. "Is this correct?"

Sam permitted himself a smile. "We don't give out figures," he said, "but if I didn't do at least double that amount I'd begin to worry."

In the first little shop Mamma would only buy the best French Bordeaux walnuts and when she sold them she'd give away a handful for good measure. When Mamma sold apples from the barrel she'd never fail to add a few extra ones to the customer's bag. Perhaps the Arvida wives (and the wives in Verdun, Lachine, Thetford Mines and other towns in Ontario and Quebec who have asked for a Steinberg store) didn't know about Mamma, but they'd heard of incidents that derive from that first barrel of apples and that strict choice of the best walnuts.

Such as the time Nathan Steinberg figured out how to get corn on the cob from the fields into the customers' shopping bags before it could get dry and tough. On the outskirts of Montreal he interviewed a group of farmers and offered them bonus prices if they would pick the corn at night and deliver it to Steinberg's for morning shop-opening.

The first night he went out to watch the ghastly scene of corn-picking by truck lamp beams along the St. Lawrence shores. But by the third day he was told the farmers were not going to work at night any longer. The dew was too heavy on the high cornfields.

Nathan rubbed his hand over his balding head, loosened his loud tie and wondered what Mamma would have done. In a minute he had it. Steinberg's presented all the corn-picking farmers with rain-coats and high boots. And fresh corn kept flowing into the shops.

Then there was the time last Christmas when Montreal faced a turkey shortage. Nathan found a lot of turkeys out in Calgary, but time was getting short. He took the plunge and had two carloads sent to Montreal at express rates.

"Those turned out to be pretty expensive birds, but our customers had turkeys. We didn't make any, but we didn't lose any," he reports. Mamma had always drummed it

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THE STEINBERG SONS still follow Mamma's maxims. Left to right: Morris, who buys the groceries; Max, who builds the stores; Nathan, secretary-treasurer; Sam, the president; Jack, the maintenance man-



THAT ROOSEVELT SMILE wins votes for FDR's third son. He was born in 1914 at Campobello, N B

Another FDR Heads for the White House

By L. S. B. SHAPIRO

IS IT POSSIBLE for someone born in Canada to become President of the United States? It is not only possible, but, if one accepts the judgment of hard-bitten political leaders in New York and Washington, altogether probable within 10 years.

The man in question is Congressman Franklin D Roosevelt, Jr., 35-year-old third son of the late President. Although he has been in public life for only one year he has already created a political tradition of his own. He is at once the most popular, the most feared, the most powerfully backed and viciously hated young politician on the American scene. His friends are convinced he will one day occupy his father's desk in the White House; his enemies are determined he must be stopped. He is a new phenomenon in American life: a young man whose election victory to a comparatively minor political office has unleashed a storm of national controversy.

Young Frank's lightning struck across the political scene in May, 1949. Until then the Roosevelt-haters, a powerful, highly articulate cult which (inexplicably to Canadians and Britons who revered the late President) has grown and spread throughout the U. S., were satisfied that they had seen the last of a Roosevelt in the White House. James, the eldest son, was building a second political machine in California but was discounted as a national figure. Elliott, the second son, displayed too careless a disposition for pretty women and quick marriages to be taken seriously. Frank, a successful lawyer, lived an obscure life in his Long Island home. John, the youngest son, was an all-but forgotten California merchant. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, a delegate to the United

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Though he faces tough and bitter enemies young Frank Roosevelt might become the first Canada-born President



NEWSPAPERS WERE BURNED in Vancouver when the union and the Province fell out. The Province came to terms but four Southam papers are still picketed.

THE SOUTHAMS — CONCLUSION

Papers, Pickets and Profits

Fighting circulation wars, getting into trouble with organized labor, always expanding, the Southam chain makes more money than ever

By PIERRE BERTON

ONE OF the longest strikes in Canadian labor history has been the four-year dispute between the International Typographical Union and five of the Southam Company's seven daily newspapers. Although one paper, the Vancouver Province, recently settled with the union, pickets are still wearily patrolling the front doors of the Ottawa Citizen, Hamilton Spectator, Winnipeg Tribune and Edmonton Journal every day at press time.

The violent days of 1946 when thousands crowded Victory Square in Vancouver and watched trucks overturned and piles of newspapers burned, and when pickets by the hundred massed in front of the Hamilton Spectator Building, are over. But the picket lines are not without incident. On one occasion the Southam family was embarrassed to find that 73-year-old Bill Southam, a former Spectator publisher, was marching with the pickets helping to carry the banner.

Although the company's profits have never been higher ($1,200,000 last year) the strike has certainly cost it money. The Daily Province, once B. C.'s leading paper, now finds itself 70,000 in circulation behind the Vancouver Sun. In the first six weeks of the strike when it failed to publish it lost $300,000 in revenue. Both newspaper and union were glad to come to terms in Vancouver where the publishers even waived a $10,000 court award in a damage action against union leaders.

The Province with 100,000 circulation is still the largest of the Southam papers. The others are the Hamilton Spectator (74,000), Winnipeg Tribune (59,000), Edmonton Journal (51,000), Ottawa Citizen (50,000), Calgary Herald (47,000) and Medicine Hat News (4,000).

One of the main points at issue in the strike was the company's insistence that each of its papers negotiate separately with the union. It likes to boast that it is the only chain in the world where policies are matters of local decision. In 1945 the union's bylaws were changed to include among other things, provision for a five-day week for all its members. Four Southam papers signed contracts with the union on this basis, but a fifth, the Winnipeg Tribune, refused to accept the union's insistence that its

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The Vassar Girl From Saskatoon

By JAMES DUGAN

Casual clothes (dad's old shirt is fine) are proud possessions among the girls at this school on the Hudson. They're proud, too, of their attractive dean, who once worked for a Toronto bakery. She says: "Democracy takes a lot of your time"

A TALL good-looking woman from Saskatoon named Marian Tait is Dean of Vassar, an old and distinguished women's college at Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Vassar stands among high elms on the east slopes of the Hudson River 75 miles north of New York City. It is a gynocracy, or government of women, with 1,350 students and 200 faculty members. Thirty-eight-year-old Marion Tait, who is in her second year at the college, is regarded by the citizens of Vassar's lemmine democracy as the ulcest new girl they have naturalized recently.

The grey-eyed dean is a Greek scholar, linguist, ice hockey player, fly fisherman and outstanding administrator in an institution which does not regard such a mixture as unusual. The college was founded in 1865 by a Poughkeepsie brewer named Matthew Vassar who thought that if Abe Lincoln could free the slaves Matt Vassar could give the girls a chance. They have taken good advantage of Matt's liberality. Last year the student body voted not to have beer on the campus. They also voted for a six day week instead of five, but the hard working faculty managed to win five from the ardent maidens.

Vassar girls are not bluestockings in spite of their urgent battle of books. They are no-stockings. The place resembles a displaced persons' camp as the students stride and cycle about in raggedy head scarves, levis or thigh length shorts, dad's old shirt, little brother's loose topcoat, and lumpy gym sox and sneakers. The older the raiment the better. The highest style to be found was a winsome student seen wearing beat-up dungarees and a West Point cadet's grey melton jacket festooned with horse-blanket pins.

Marion Tait, who heads the academic side of life at Vassar under President Sarah Gibson Blanding, doesn't wear the undergraduate boho outfit, but otherwise blends expertly into the searching scholarly air and the practicality of the place. She was always a brilliant student, first at Preston, Ont., public school, then at Galt High and the University of Toronto. In Toronto summers she dispatched a fleet of trucks for a bakery. While writing her doctor's dissertation in Italy she played hockey from the American Academy for most of the term to visit the Renaissance towns.

Tait is not the Hollywood tintype of a dean. She is tall and sleuder with a fresh skin, an aquiline nose unmarred by pince-nez, and short swept-back fair hair. She employs lipstick and cigarettes and likes Dixeland music. Nobody at Vassar is scared of her. Students have been known to invent fake problems to have a girl-to-girl séance with the dean.

The dean's job is not the social and disciplinary problems of students. Vassar has student courts and a warden to handle them. The dean administers the academic effort at Vassar, much of which is handled by a democratic committee system involving the faculty and students. The dean is a member of 11 standing committees, schedule conference of the seven major (U.S. women's) colleges, co-ordinating curriculum, scholarships, students' records, college senate, admission, calendar days and extension courses. She has meetings at lunch, at 4:30 p.m. when her work day is supposed to be over, and in the evenings. "Democracy takes a lot of your time," says Marion Tait. In addition she is the main liaison between students and faculty, handles parent relations with the college, travels around the country to meet alumnae groups and occasionally pinch-hits as a Greek instructor. When President Blanding is absent Tait fronts for the college.

Although Warden Elizabeth Moffett Drouilhet tackles the purely social difficulties of students she finds that most student problems are both personal and academic. Dean Tait is involved. Mrs. Drouilhet, who has been warden for 10 years, was somewhat apprehensive when Dean Tait arrived in 1948. Vassar's returning dean was the nationally respected C. Mildred Thompson. Warden Drouilhet felt that it would take an exceptional person to fill Miss Thompson's job. "Marion caught on immediately," says the warden. "We forgot she was new. She has a genius at knowing when to come out and lead and when to sit back and absorb."

When Warden Drouilhet's social trouble shooting turns out to have academic aspects Dean Tait is consulted. Once a student came to the warden's attention because of a defiant attitude toward the 10:30 weekday deadline on getting back to quarters. Mrs. Drouilhet checked the girl's scholastic standing with the dean, who found her brilliant in her studies. They probed into the girl's family background. The saucy scholar came from a professional family which had given her great freedom at home but she had come to Vassar from a strict boarding school. She flouted Vassar's ground rules while at the same time flaunting a top scholastic standing to her family. Without interviewing the student the two educators pondered the unusual problem.

Marion thought of a clever solution," says Mrs. Drouilhet. "She checked the girl's instructors and found the student particularly liked a philosophy course. Marion talked with the philosophy prof, who agreed to take over the problem. He encouraged the student to undertake an ambitious special study project. The girl flew into it. She forgot to go out in the evenings. She and the prof became friends in the conferences they held on the study project and they talked over her rule-breaking quite casually. The girl herself described her attitude as silly. So our work was done without Marian or I seeming to take a hand. The student was the kind of person who would have probably resented intervention by myself or the dean."

Vassar's student government includes a judicial branch for undergraduate self-rule. The chief justice is a petite blue-eyed number from North Carolina named Ebba Jo Tate. The Vassar crime wave is usually quelled in the residential houses, where curfew breakers are dealt with, but Ebba Jo has to sit solemnly on a dozen big-time raps a year, library book jobs, thesis plagiarisms or absences on calendar days, which are the days immediately before and after holidays.

Ebba Jo and the dean once had a befuddled malefactor who had written a paper liberally supplied with whole passages lifted out of books —without quotes. The student was a transfer from another college where it seemed nobody thought anything of getting *Continued on page 47*



SESSIONS WITH STUDENTS crowd the dean's day. Marion Tait administers Vassar's academic effort, handles parent problems. Is always available.



"I hope, dear, you won't come back from Vassar with a lot of ideas."

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THEY'RE NOT BLUESTOCKINGS, they're no-stockings. A high level of individual freedom is allowed.



The Lady Is AFRAID

By DON TRACY

"HOW ARE they treating you?" I asked, without thinking.

He looked up at me with those blank eyes. "Fine," he said. "Just fine. When I'm a good boy I get a nice walk on the grounds. Beautiful grounds. But don't step on the grass, or a guard will yell at you."

Once Jake Kenny and I had packed into the deepest part of New Brunswick after moose. Now he had to keep off the grass when he was rewarded with a walk through the hospital's manicured grounds.

He ground out his cigarette in a tray and watched the butt smolder briefly and die.

"Mac," he said, casually, "do you think I'm nuts like all the rest of them do?"

I'd been expecting the question and dreading it. I might have been able to recite some unconvincing lies to somebody else, but not to Jake Kenny.

"I don't know," I said. "You took an awful jolt when Elsa died and you had a nervous breakdown, they say. If you did blow your top, Jake, there's nobody who could blame you. And it's nothing permanent, of course."

Some of the tightness went out of his mouth and his eyes took on a little life.

"Thanks, Mac," he said, quietly. "Thanks for not giving me the old routine."

He looked toward the windows, barred, oh so unobtrusively, and his fingers drummed on the arm of his chair.

"Yeah," he said. "I had a nervous breakdown. That explains everything. Even Mister Avramm."

"When you're better," I said quickly, "how about the two of us spending a couple of weeks after salmon on the Gaspé? You know, we always said we could catch those things on a trout rod, not one of those pool cues they use."

"Maybe," he said. "I'll be kind of busy for a while when I get out of here, of course."

"Your office is running like clockwork," I told him. "You don't have to worry about that."

"Not the office," he told me. "I've got to go to Europe. I've got to talk to her."

"Who?" I asked.

"Elsa," he told me, calmly. "You see, Mac, Mister Avramm got her, like she said he would. I've got to try to get her back."

I reached for the cigarettes in my pocket. I had to do *something*. They hadn't told me it was this bad with Jake.

"You've already got one lit and in your mouth," Jake said. "Take it easy. I'm almost never violent, you know, and when I am it's only because I get sore at being kept here when I ought to be out of this place and looking for her."

"Perhaps I'd better call—" I started.

"Sit still and listen," he cut in. "I've got to tell the whole story to somebody or blow up inside and you're the most understanding guy I know. Sit still and let me tell you the story that got me in this place."

I sat back. Maybe, I thought, spilling the whole story would do Jake some good. Maybe I was morbidly curious to hear the yarn that my friend's fixation had produced. I don't really know. Anyway, I sat back and listened.

ELSA and I (he said) had been married a little over two years when Mister Avramm paid his first visit.

You remember Elsa—how could anybody forget her after seeing her once? Yeah, you remember her, all right. You were one of the ones who told me I ought to take it easy, think things over, instead of rushing off and marrying her the first time she said yes. Aah, I'm not blaming you, Mac. Nobody knew anything about Elsa except that she was beautiful and when a man has the kind of dough that was left me, his friends try to protect him from alimony artists. But I knew, the first time I saw Elsa, that there never would be anybody else for me but her.

I don't suppose a gentleman talks about his honeymoon, but I'm a outlaw, so inmate and maybe that gives me privileges. Anyway, it was—wonderful. At the right times she was an earthy person, behind that austere bland beauty of hers and then, again, she was cool, remote, almost cold with me and that was okay, too. She knew instinctively which of her moods I wanted at which times.

Okay, stop fidgeting. I had to tell you that, but I'm through now.

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What could Jake do to save his wife? Wherever she turned, he was there — the ubiquitous and wicked Mr. Avramm. Suave and thinly smiling, this man of a thousand aliases had stalked a frightened woman from Europe



Time was when you wouldn't have given a beaver's dam for his chance of survival, but our one-time national emblem is making a triumphant return

By FRED BODSWORTH



Castor the Canuck Makes a Comeback

IT'S TIME we reinstated the beaver as Canada's national emblem. He's the guy who gave Canada its start, for it was beaver pelts that first put us on the map. And when we give his engineering genius a chance he conserves soil and water, halts floods and erosion.

Besides, if there's any such creature as a typical Canadian the beaver is it. A cautious, hard-working, persevering pioneer, he was harnessing streams and taming forests quite a while before Columbus raised his sail. He's a skilled craftsman, a hater of waste. And he is a peace-loving family man. His first desire is to be left alone in his own domain, yet when forced to fight he's a tough and stubborn scrapper. He's got more industry under his $50 hide than anything else that wears whiskers. He's smart, too.

About a century ago the beaver was our recognized national emblem. Then trappers ganged up on him and most of Canada's national emblems were turned into beaver hats. Canadians eventually awoke and wailed: "Hey, our national emblem will soon be extinct; we need a new one!" So they left the vanishing beaver to the trappers and henceforth they would do business under the sign of the maple leaf. They were playing safe—the maple leaf would never be extinct.

But old Castor canadensis (that's the beaver), like the good Canadian he is, fought best when his back was to the wall. He staged a comeback that dumbfounded the forecasters of doom. And he's still coming back, turning up every year in some new hedwick where the fur-hat boys trapped him out years ago.

Next to the South American capybara, the beaver is the world's largest rodent. Males with middle-age paunches weigh 70 pounds, and that's heavyweight class in the rodent tribe, for the majority are featherweights like mice, rats and squirrels.

The beaver's an overgrown water rat with teeth like chisels that can chew down trees. He sports a flat, hairless tail that looks like something between a doormat and a ping-pong bat. On land he uses it as a stool, in water it's his rudder, but, despite all the tall tales, he never gets around to using it as a trowel, a mallet for driving stakes or as a sled for carrying mud. The beaver is smart, but not that smart.

He spends most of his time in the water yet never catches cold because he has a waterproof suit of underwear—the thick, soft fur which lies under the outer coating of long, coarse guard-hairs.

That underwear made Canada Europeans disillusioned because America didn't turn out to be a fabulous land of spices. Were all set to give it back to the Indians when a couple of roustabouts named Radisson and Groseilliers turned up in London with a shipload of beaver pelts. They had trapped them in a God-forsaken spot called Hudson Bay. These pelts started the rush. As every kid fortune hunters into Africa, beaver brought them flocking to America. They built trading posts, then towns. Some like John Jacob Astor got rich. Some lost everything, including their scalps.

For 150 years the standard of currency in Canada wasn't money but the beaver skin. A pound of tobacco cost one beaver pelt, a gun cost 12. Canada's first church, in Quebec, was built on contributions of beaver skins. Wars were fought over the beaver trade. One to two million pelts a year flowed across the Atlantic. No wonder the beaver almost gave up the ghost.

Around 1920 more than 200,000 beaver a year were still being trapped in Canada. By 1930 the take was down to 40,000 a year. Trapping was prohibited, preserves were set aside, animals were live-trapped and moved as breeding stock to other areas. But no one figured Castor stood a chance. He was doomed to go.

But Castor didn't go. He was too intelligent and adaptable; all he needed was a little assistance. He started to increase again and by 1947 Canada was trapping 130,000 beaver a year once more. Today in Canada only the mink is more valuable among wild fur bearers.

Last year conservation officer Sandy Ellis reported there were 300 beaver in York County, one of Canada's most densely settled areas, many within 20 miles of Toronto. In May, 1948, a beaver was seen in Rideau Canal under the shadow of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa.

Most of the credit for this comeback belongs to Castor's own wits, his energy and his genius as an engineer.

C. L. Perrin, wild-life inspector at Sioux Lookout, Ont., has live-trapping beaver a few years ago to move them to another area, using a wire trap that snaps shut like a suitcase when the beaver gets inside. One trap in a beaver dam was sprung every night, but there was never a beaver in it. One night he had nearly. A few hours later a large beaver swam up, pulled a stick out of the dam and, holding it in his mouth, began poking at the trap. Soon he hit the trigger, sprung the trap, then patched up the hole in the dam.

Perrin watched the beaver, presumably the same one, do it again and again on several nights afterward. He never did catch the beaver. Beavers have been known to steal these traps and incorporate them in their dams.

But Castor's intelligence becomes sheer genius when faced with the complex engineering problems of water levels, pressures, dam building and canal digging. Many scientists claim he's the smartest mammal next to man.

Castor is a clumsy lout on land, his legs are short and his big tail is always dragging like an anchor. However, in the water he can swim circles around anything except the otter. But, energetic as he is, he doesn't depend on finding a safe water home ready made, he digs in and makes his own.

With a keen eye for water level, rate of flow and heights of banks he surveys a stream and selects a spot where a dam will quickly produce a deep pond close to a stand of aspen or alder, the bark of which is his favorite food. He needs a couple of feet of water beneath the winter ice for food storage. And he never miscalculates. *Continued on page 22*

CARTOONS BY GRASSICK



He's just a rat, but he breathes under water—How?



Give your car that big-car feel!

A small car rides like a big car and a big car rides like a dream with Goodyear's big, low-pressure Super-Cushion tires!

Riding on a comfortable 24 pounds of air, Goodyear Super Cushions soak up bumps, make driving less fatiguing for you, less wearing on your car.

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In the Editors' Confidence



JASPER is a big chap for a year old

JASPER the bear has been in existence just about a year and he celebrated his first anniversary on Page 55 by going to work on the Manitoba flood. His creator, Jim Simpkins, asked us to send the fee for this cartoon to the flood fund.

Looking back over Jasper's first 12 months, all spent meeching around in the back pages of this magazine where he is an exclusive feature, Simpkins agreed with us that his bear has changed a little in appearance since it first showed up on our art director's desk. At first, Jasper was a fat, jolly bear; recently he has become a little leaner without losing, we feel, any of his good humor.

When we asked Simpkins to tell us something about himself he wrote from his home in Ottawa:

"I'm the father of four children from 7 years down to 15 months. The eldest child still can't draw as well as I can.

"I'm married (which I forgot to mention above) and my home-town is Winnipeg where I worked as a cartoonist on the HBC magazine, Beaver.

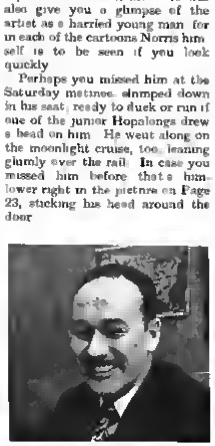
"I like skiing better than any other sport and dislike having my drawing board used as a pastry board.

"I was in the Army last time but didn't get overseas. I flatly refuse to give you my age on the grounds that it revives unhappy memories of the Boer War."

● Another artist, Len Norris, who in recent issues has been to a Saturday matinee and on a moonlight cruise to gather material for his new full page cartoon feature, visited a baby clinic to collect the types he introduces to you on Page 23.

According to the long list of assignments Norris has drawn up for himself he will be turning up at such varied events as Sunday school picnics and veterans' reunions. In each of these pictures he will give you a glimpse of some aspect of Canadian life. He will also give you a glimpse of the artist as a harried young man for in each of the cartoons Norris himself is to be seen if you look quickly.

Perhaps you missed him at the Saturday matinee, slumped down in his seat, ready to duck or run if one of the junior Hopalongs drew a bead on him. He went along on the moonlight cruise, too, leaning glumly over the rail. In case you missed him before, that's him, lower right in the picture on Page 23, sticking his head around the door.



SIMPKINS rust his boat in help Manitoba



MACLEAN'S

REX WOODS her painted the medal who li the girl on his cover for the last time. The model, Gowan Eras, her affirm worked for Woods, but when she got married a short time ago her husband served a kindly but firm edict—no more modeling. As a matter of fact the act si assumed her away from a shower being given by her friends to pose for this picture—her last. The pounds Woods own and as far, at least, no one has told li in abandon its career.

Continued from page 20

always locates his dam where enclosing banks will hold a depth too great to freeze to the bottom.

His dam is an engineering masterpiece. He lays branches on the bottom, butt ends upstream, jabbing them into the mud or weighting them with rocks and sod. Stones too heavy to carry on land he rolls into the water. Last of all, he plasters the whole thing with mud and sod to make it watertight.

Castor doesn't, however, fell trees across a stream to begin/stop a dam. He's not as skilled a lumberjack as he is an engineer. When he chews down a tree he doesn't know in what direction it is liable to fall. In fact sometimes it falls on top of him.

Sometimes beaver keep adding to their dam until they have a structure a quarter mile or more long. One beaver dam is 2,140 feet long, parts of it 23 feet wide at the base, 14 feet high.

Paws Dredge a Pond

Beaver select a stream a most suitable dam site with a sureness that frequently astonishes human engineers.

In 1941 Manitoba planned an extensive program of stream improvement and game rehabilitation for the Lakes St. David and St. Patrick area. Engineers were sent in to select the best site for a dam to raise lake levels and increase muskrat populations.

After a week of jogging, surveying instruments measuring land and water levels and making exacting mathematical deductions they staked out a site. Then they went back to Winnipeg to draw up blueprints.

In the meantime, as another feature of the fur rehabilitation program, six beaver were released in the same river system 65 miles away. The beaver also set out to find the best dam site. They traveled the 65 miles and chose the same site. They erected their dam just 20 feet from the engineers' stakes, raised lake levels three feet, saved Manitoba $3,500.

But Castor's great engineering ability is best shown in the canals he digs. Knowing he is at a disadvantage on land, he frequently dredges a canal to provide a protected water route down which he can tow his food branches to the home pond. Sometimes his canals are more than 700 feet long and contain crude locks which hold water at two and occasionally three different levels. They are two to four feet wide, contain water two feet or so deep. He does all the dredging with his front paws.

Castor makes a thorough survey of land levels and auxiliary water sources before he starts a canal. When he has dug as far as he can at pond level, he leaves a small dam or lock gate, then digs on at a higher elevation skilfully planning this upper lock so that it is supplied with water from a spring or stream above pond level. When towing food branches he portages over the dams which separate the different levels.

Grey Owl, widely known Canadian naturalist, told of one Northern Ontario beaver canal connecting a pond with a river at a lower level. Aspen, Castor's favorite food tree, were plentiful along this lower river. But the beaver didn't let their appetite warp their engineering knowhow. To avoid draining the pond they left a couple of dams in their canal, allowed only enough water to leak through to keep the canal filled.

No other wild mammal goes to as much trouble in preparing its home. And no other clings to his family group as the beaver does.

Castor learned to defend his castle with a most thousands of years before primitive man had learned to go into a cave to get out of the rain. In the pond formed by their dam a pair of beaver erect their castle—a mound of sticks and mud 10 or 20 feet in diameter and projecting two or three feet above water. In the above water portion a living chamber is hollowed out and two or three entrance burrows extend downward to open underwater. A few ventilation cracks are left in the roof.

Beaver are too active to snooze the winter away, as many of their rodent cousins do. Before freezeup they put in a stock of branches in a pond bottom pantry near the lodge; then every day throughout the winter they go out under the ice and bring in a food log.

Castor is a long winded guy who has no fears of moving about under ice. He has learned a trick which permits him to swim under ice all day on one lungful of air. Castor knows his chemistry. He exhales to form a bubble under the ice, waits a few seconds while the bubble of exhaled carbon dioxide is purified by oxygen in the water, then breathes it back in again.

Beaver are good housekeepers. When he has bed of shredded bark is soiled by muddy feet new bedding is brought in. Coming home he always stops at the entrance and combs excess mud and water from his fur with his paws.

Beaver mate for life; the youngsters stay at home until two years old. A family includes about eight young; four born each year. Two year olds are kicked out of the family house just before the third litter is born but they usually remain in the same pond, building homes of their own and sharing the responsibility of keeping the dam in repair.

Like all babies, young beaver (they're called kittens) are anxious to try out their new teeth. In 1939 beaver were being live-trapped near Rupert House on James Bay, for restocking other areas and Mrs. James Watt, wife of the factor, kept one kitten in the house as a pet. One evening after the Watts went to bed the baby discovered suddenly it possessed teeth. Next morning the Watts' chairs and tables tilted at every angle. The beaver kitten had chewed off all the furniture legs. In disgrace it was shipped off that day with a load of beaver to restock Akimiski Island.

But the youngster was still excited about those new teeth. During the rue to the island it chewed its way out of its crate and gnawed a hole through the bottom of the boat. First warning came when boatmen discovered their craft was sinking. They had to run the boat ashore.

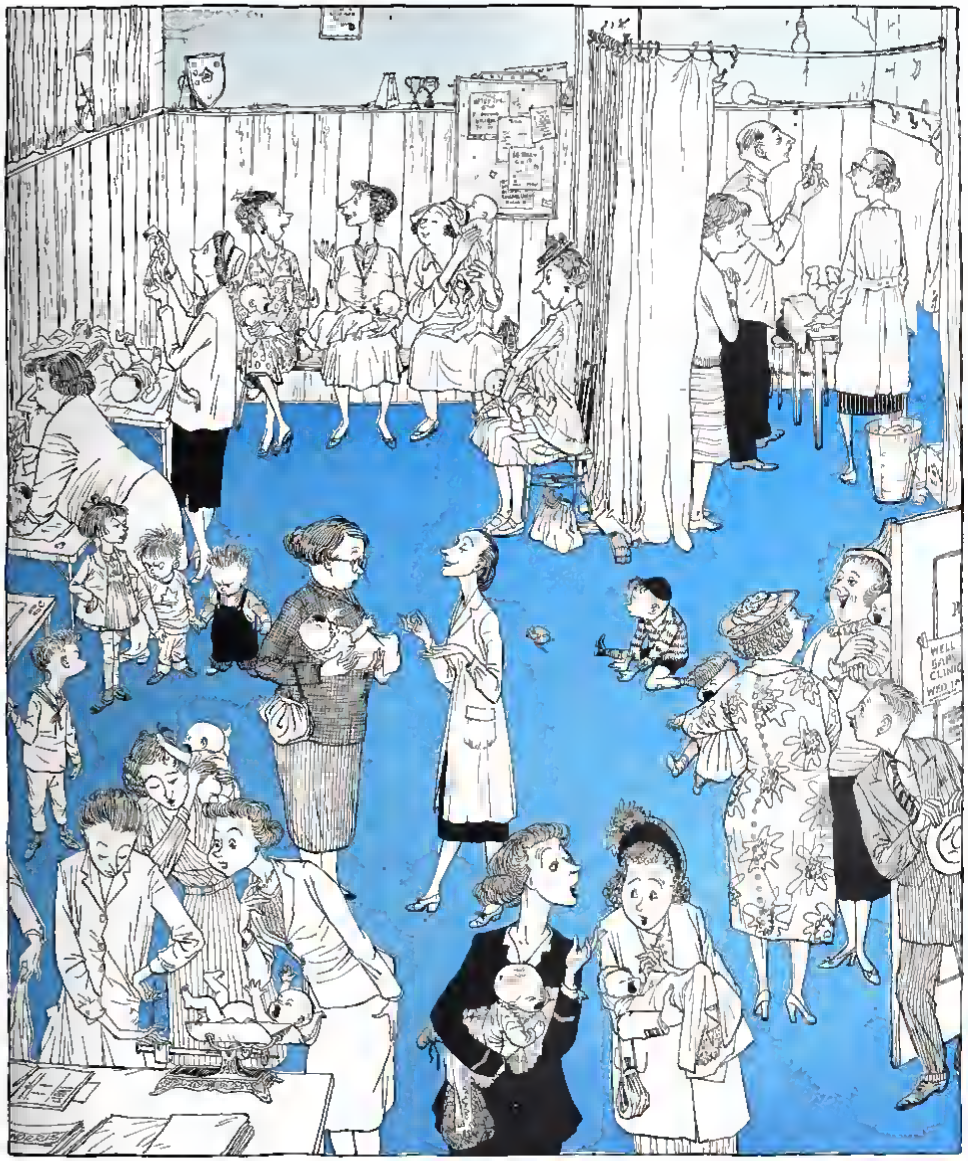
Pippins for Eager Beavers

Castor, a perfect gentleman minds his own business, knows it thoroughly. A vegetarian, he harms no other animal. Docile and gentle he shares toil and food with his neighbors, but despite the involved community planning which must sometimes be necessary, they never appear to disagree over location of dams or canals.

Dan McCowan, Canadian naturalist, once watched two beaver swimming near Banff, one following the other. The rear one frequently touched the leader's tail with its nose. Once the rear beaver came abreast, bumped into a stone and fell back into the nose to tail position again. The head beaver led the other to shore both began eating. McCowan walked toward them waving his arms. The leader turned, disappeared underwater; its companion kept right on munching reed. It was blind.

Beaver become tame when they know they are safe; are ferocious

Continued on page 24



AT THE BABY CLINIC

With Len Norris

Never neglect a finger jab



Any tiny cut can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then put on BAND-AID* the adhesive bandage that stays put — even on hard-to-bandage places. It keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

Caution: Not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade mark of Johnson & Johnson Limited for its adhesive bandage.

The quick, easy way to bandage a finger





Continued from page 22

fighters when their lives are at stake. Near Aylmer, in southwestern Ontario, I have seen Fred White call in half a dozen beaver to the shore of a pond by banging noisily on a pail and shouting: "Come boys! Come boys! Dinner!" The beavers eat apples while spectators stand a few feet away.

On the other hand, a Northern Ontario trapper once told me of a beaver that overturned his canoe and bit a big gash in his leather boat during a furious struggle before he killed it.

Beaver dams prevent floods, keep streams flowing all summer, stop tons of rich soil from being swept into lakes and the sea. I know a Southern Ontario farmer who 15 years ago completed building a beaver dam flooded a poor but usable four-acre field. After 10 years beavers had eaten all the available willow and poplar and moved on. The dam broke up, the pond drained. Over the semi-barren pasture was now a deposit of several inches of rich black muck-soil which, if not stopped by the beaver dam, would have been carried into Lake Erie.

These fertile soil deposits known as beaver meadows were sought by pioneers. They didn't require clearing, were ready for immediate cropping. Many of Canada's finest celery and market-garden areas are ancient beaver meadows.

Fire rangers say beaver ponds have saved Canada millions of dollars by providing handy water sources. They obstruct many other forms of wild life increase fish populations by stabilizing stream flow and by creating pools for spawning and wintering. When beaver disappeared from the James Bay area because of overtrapping around 1930, Indians were saved from starvation only by prompt assistance of the Federal Government. Otter and moose, the Indians' major food supply, were dependent on beaver ponds—when the ponds went they went too. Muskrat disappeared. Until beaver were brought back James Bay was was barren of wild life.

Castor Wrecked a Train

Alberta now has 10 government men trapping beaver in farming areas and moving them 200 miles or more westward to the foothills where they are needed to control streams where lumber has been cut off.

Saskatchewan moves about 100 beaver a year from the south to northern sections where they are raising water levels and providing nesting sites for waterfowl. A Saskatchewan game official states: "It would cost us several hundred thousand dollars to build the dams that beaver have erected during the past 10 years."

The fame of Castor considered as a conservationist has spread far. In 1948 a plane took off from Montreal for Argentina with 20 beaver needed to improve some Argentine streams.

But Castor doesn't spend all his time working wonders for man's benefit. Sometimes he floods highways and railways, cuts down orchards. Near Feleyet in Northern Ontario, a serious train derailment was caused in 1947 by heavy flooding from an adjacent beaver dam.

Breaking holes in a beaver dam is wasted effort. The beaver will only repair it next night—and keep on repairing it.

W. J. Smith, a fruit grower of Oliver, B.C., installed a waterwheel in an abandoned beaver dam to irrigate his orchard. The beaver returned, decided that the splashing contraption had no business being in a perfectly good beaver dam. They pushed sticks between the spokes, stopped the wheel, plugged the sluiceway with mud. Every morning Smith cleaned it out, every night the beaver plugged it again.

This feud went on for five years—1941 to 1946. During that time the beaver wrecked several waterwheels, almost made a nervous wreck of Smith. Suddenly they left of their own accord. Said Smith: "They weren't discouraged; they had cut down all the trees and had no sticks left for jamming the waterwheel. They just ran out of ammunition." ★

Fire That Redhead!

Continued from page 8

virtually nude young woman boldly standing before him without the slightest shame. These models are certainly full of brass. I fled burning with outrage and waited all day for him to return.

When he came I demanded to know how come he, an artist who works on 'spots,' which are decorative illustrations, sort of, suddenly is painting nude redheads.

"It's what is known as 'fine art,'" Pete said weakly. "I don't want to be a mere spot man forever. I want to get ahead."

"Can't you paint bee with clothes on?" I asked.

She looks better with them on," he shouted, then turned red when he realized what he said. He tried to explain that he meant the human body is more interesting as an art subject, but it was really mighty poor excusing. Then, can you imagine, he had the nerve to get angry and say an artist painted whatever he wanted to. I softened a little at this point. After all, I'm a very reasonable person.

Pete I said pleadingly, promise me you won't paint her or any other woman without clothes on."

"Darling," he said impatiently, "don't be silly. It doesn't mean a thing to me. After all, I'm an artist, don't you see. Why, I've been studying and painting the human form ever since I was seventeen, and started through art school."

"Oh?" I said icily. "You've been around, hey? Well, you're a married man now, and you'll cut it out. After all, there isn't much point in my shopping around for filmy negligees to hold your interest when you've got a bunch of hussies parading."

He got mad and interrupted. "Now see here," he said grimly. "This is ridiculous and I've had enough of it. You stick to the kitchen and let me take care of my career."

"I demand," I yelled, stamping my foot, "that you fire that model."

Pete folded his arms. "No," he said scornfully. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself wanting her to lose her job. Mary is a swell kid and . . ."

That's when I socked him right in the eye.

So send me the $500 Pop. I need it for rent and a good camera. I'll show that guy.

Your loving daughter,
Ann Breckenridge Stanford
c/o Hotel Parkley
NYC

CPR TELEGRAPH
TORONTO JANUARY 26, 1950
ANN STANFORD HOTEL PARKLEY NYC
WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THIS? GO BACK TO YOUR HUSBAND AND KID AND MAKE UP MY SYMPATHIES COMPLETELY WITH GIL. YOU'LL GET NO MONEY FOR WHATEVER IDEA SCHEME YOU'VE IN MIND. FROM HE
DAD

CPR TELEGRAPH
TORONTO JANUARY 26, 1950
PETE STANFORD HOTEL BARKLEY NYC
ANN IS AT HOME BARKLEY. I'M ON YOUR SIDE. WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME AND MAN IF MASTER OF THE SCENE. QUOTE THIS MUTINY NOW OR IT'LL BE A HARD LIFE. NEXT VISIT TO NEW YORK SOON TO GET BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR WORK. ALWAYS DID HAVE AN INTEREST IN ART. FINE ART THAT IS.
DAD

FRED SJOBERG CONTRACTING SUPPLY
NYC
27 January, 1950

Gilbert Breckenridge Associates
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Gil:

Thanks for the last order, old pal. We'll ship it out immediately. By the way, when you send the cheque please add $500 to it. Your daughter Ann dropped in today and said she needed it very badly as Pete was sick and she needed it to cure him. I was very sorry to hear that and of course lent her the money immediately. She said you'd reimburse me and the debt would be owed by her to you.

They certainly are a happy young couple aren't they? It does my heart good. The bad Pete will. I'm sending him flowers.

Sincerely,
Fred

CPR TELEGRAPH
TORONTO JANUARY 28 1950
FRED SJOBERG-SJOBERG CONTRACTING SUPPLY NYC
YOU OUGHT TO HAVE ENOUGH FUSINESS SENSE TO CHECK WITH ME BEFORE LENDING MONEY TO ANN. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE OUT FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS.
GIL

FRED SJOBERG CONTRACTING SUPPLY
28 January 1950

Joe McBranty
McBranty Detective Agency, NYC

Dear Joe:

Enclosed please find a carbon of my letter to Gil Breckenridge and his answering telegram. Per our discussion by phone today, I want you to get on the ball and find out what the devil is going on here.

I phoned long distance three times to Breckenridge and couldn't get him. Finally his secretary told me he left instructions to tell me I'm a dunderhead and to restrict my activities to supply contracts. How do you like that? I lend his daughter $500 and I'm a dunderhead. I'm sore as a bee about it. I ought to call the cops. But I can't. Gil is an old pal even if he is somewhat brusque. And he throws plenty of business my way.

Put Hallaway on this. He was assigned to them last time we tailed Ann; wasn't he? He knows what they look like and you know the address.

I want my $500 back and I intend to get it. Even if my bill with you runs up to more than that, I still intend to fight this through. Gil isn't going to sneer at me. Either somebody in the Breckenridge family pays that back or Ann will be in the can.

Find out what gives please. And work fast.

Sincerely
Fred

McBranty Detective Agency
NYC

Case 1040- I A Ann & Peter Stanford
Report No. 1—by Halloway

To Mr. McBranty—Copy forwarded to Fred Sjoberg.

Operative studied correspondence.

Continued on page 26



BIGGEST OF ALL LOW-PRICED CARS

Most beautiful, yes and biggest too in dimension after dimension . . . for Chevrolet is the longest, heaviest car in its field, and has the widest tread . . . all of which contributes to maximum ride stability, comfort and safety.





CENTRE POINT STEERING

You'll enjoy an exceptionally high degree of steering ease and ruling ease under all driving conditions; for Centre Point Steering, like the finest Cadillac Knee-Action Ride, is found in Chevrolet . . . and in Chevrolet alone . . .

NEW STYLE-STAR BODIES BY FISHER

You know your car is adorned with the most *beautiful* of car bodies when you own a Chevrolet . . . for *Body by Fisher* sets the style year after year . . . and it is exclusive to Chevrolet and other General Motors cars.

You get more good things . . . for less money . . . when you buy a **Chevrolet!**



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CURVED WINDSHIELD WITH PANORAMIC VISIBILITY

Yes, the windshield is *curved* like the human eye itself . . . and this together with Chevrolet's wider windows and Fisher Unitized Body-Construction means extra visibility — extra body strength — extra safety for you and your family—wherever you may travel.





NEW TWO TONE FISHER INTERIORS

You can relax and enjoy motoring to the fullest degree in these extraroomy, extra luxurious interiors . . . with their fine upholstery, two tone colors, and rich appointments . . . all combining to place Chevrolet far ahead of other cars in its field in beauty and comfort.



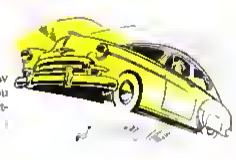
EXTRA-ECONOMICAL TO OWN, OPERATE AND MAINTAIN

The new Chevrolets are Canada's *lowest priced line* of full-length cars, and are extremely economical to operate and maintain. Moreover they traditionally bring you more value when you trade. For Chevrolet motor cars are *most* wanted—new or used.

HIGHLY IMPROVED MORE POWERFUL VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE!

WITH POWER-JET CARBURETOR AND LARGER EXHAUST VALVES

The fine Chevrolet engine now sends even finer . . . bringing you more power, faster pick-up, better low speed performance . . . better action every way!





One of the simplest ways to send money safely and inexpensively from one point in Canada to another, is to have the Bank do all the work for you!

For example, for a very small charge you can buy a draft on an amount under $100.00 and the Bank sends the money, pays the postage and guarantees the safety of your money.

Next time you send money away, ask the accountant at your nearest Bank of Nova Scotia branch to send a draft for you. You will appreciate its economy and simplicity.



Continued from page 24

and file of previous case. Decided anonymity was not good in this assignment and had opinion okayed by Mr. Brenty.

Went down to Brooklyn address of Ann and Pete Stanford. Knocked on door. Door opened. Operative received quite a shock.

Man facing me was covered with week old beard, had circles under eyes, unhappy glazed stare. Recognized me. Invited me in. I went in and received another shock. Never saw such a mess in my life. Dishes piled high to sink, unwashed. Clothes strewn over chairs, couch. Dust obvious on furniture.

Man asked me how my furnished room was. Told him frankly that I was a neighbor was a private detective. Told him about his wife Ann borrowing $500 from Sjoberg.

Told him his wife would get into serious trouble. Young man smiled bitterly. Said wouldn't that be too bad! Operative said Ann could conceivably go to jail. Young man looked alarmed. Said wife meant well but was dull headed. Operative agreed most wives are at times and pointed out it might have to be told to the judge.

Young man hurriedly got into his coat and invited me to join him in persuading wife to return money, return home and be a loving dutiful wife. Operative agreed to assist in this wholesome task.

As we started to leave doorbell rang. Boy with flowers. Huge bouquet from Fred Sjoberg and get well card. Peter eagerly seized flowers removed them from vase and took them along for wife.

We went to Hotel Parkley asked for Ann Stanford. Informed she was out. Questioned desk and found a business address. Girl not at business address. It turned out to be an old loft with plenty of dust and an echo. Questioned landlord discovered it had been hired for advertising photography firm. Apparently girl has gone into business.

While questioning Peter Stanford as to reasons for this venture messengers started arriving bearing packages. Cameras, tripod, arc lights, reflecting screens. Peter looked apprehensive. Agitatedly said it looked like money was being spent. How would she give money back?

Operative assured Peter Stanford he'd better figure out a way or else.

Peter Stanford signed for all packages, picked them up, told operative to take the rest of them and taking a cab returned all packages to supply house where purchased. Supply house took packages with extreme reluctance and said they would hold until Ann Stanford contacted them personally.

Peter Stanford looked extremely pale. Said this was all a Woo think ing hard. Came up with idea. He'd call his model named Mary Carter, and have her explain personally to wife that everything was legitimate, strictly artistic business, no monkey business. An unfortunate decision.

We took cab to studio where model was waiting to start posing. Just as Peter started to talk to model his wife Ann stepped out of elevator. Saw him holding flowers. Saw unshaven face and bleary eyes. She made a few succinct remarks about him having himself a time with business. Redhead got out and made a few crackling remarks that astonished operative. Peter blushed.

Wife turned and stepped back in elevator. Doors closed fast. Ran after young men down eight flights of stairs, leaving model up in hall, and followed young man into taxicab. We tried to follow Ann Stanford but lost her cab in traffic.

Advised young man he was in a spot. Informed him we would bring police charges within 24 hours unless he produced money.

Young man said he'd give in. He'd find Ann and surrender and promise to paint apples vases and dead fish. Anything so long as the came back. Young man was quite emotional.

Operative approved idea, but suggested he get a shave and a haircut first.

Went with young man while he got shave and haircut. Got fine also. Barber discussed Balkan situation while cutting my hair. Got very indignant about Balkans while shaving my throat. Close shave.

Young man looked better and decided to do the job right. We went back to his apartment and he got one freshly pressed suit and clean shirt. He looked worriedly at messy apartment but operative advised him it was evidence wife was sorely missed. Young man winced and decided to clean dishes himself because of argument with wife over staying in kitchen where she belonged. He said dishes wouldn't be nice for her to see.

Operative had to help wash dishes. By this time it was four in the afternoon. We then proceeded to Ann's business address by cab. Operative was sure that case would soon be ended. Operative was mistaken.

There were lights on in photographic studio. Young man humbly took hat off, had abject look on his face as we approached. Obviously rehearsing speech of surrender and reconciliation.

We walked in.

Never was so startled in my life.

Young lady was squinting through finder of camera on tripod. She was taking picture of male Apollo of heroic muscular proportions clad in skin fitting pair of bathing trunks. Operative was overcome with awe at the sight of legs like tree trunks, arms like Hercules' muscles like melons, handsome and healthy face like movie star. If was woman would whistle. Any man so had uneasy dislike and was immediately aware of my own legs like pipestems, head like bald melon, face like old potato.

Young man uttered squawk and face turned red with anger. Ann turned and stared coolly. Smiled faintly. Introduced her male model as winner of last year's Mr. America contest. Mr. America smiled genially.

Young man demanded to know meaning of this disgraceful exhibition. Ann said crisply that she was taking photos for a bathing suit advertise ment. She was free-lancing, too she said. She looked at her model with deep approval and waved her opinion that her pictures of this man would wow the women of America and make the men rush to buy the bathing suits.

Young man uttered strangled sounds. Operative came to his aid. Informed her I was a private detective and that legal and police action would be taken against her unless she returned equipment immediately and returned money to Fred Sjoberg. Operative thereupon put hands upon camera and was joined by Peter Stanford who seized other equipment.

However Mr. America proceeded to put hands upon us and ejected us forcibly. We picked ourselves up and dusted ourselves off and the latest status of this affair is that Pete Stanford has locked himself in his studio and is sulking and raving that money doesn't seem to be recoverable. Mrs. Stanford is still squinting at Mr. America, and your operative is waiting for instructions. Shall we call in the cops?

signed
Operative Holloway

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481 University Ave. Toronto 2 Ontario

FRED SJOBERG CONTRACTING SUPPLY
NYC

January 30 1950

McBranty Detective Agency
NYC

Dear Mr. Branty

In ten years of doing business with you I've never been so badly disappointed in a job you did for me. What do you mean shall we call in the cops? If I wanted to call in the cops, what would I need you for? I hire you so things won't get to the cop stage.

Are you admitting defeat? If so please let me know right away so I can turn the case over to a more efficient agency. For the fees I pay you guys I expect results. Get that money, get Ann and Pete reunited. Or else.

Very truly,
Fred Sjoberg

McBranty Detective Agency
NYC

Case 1040-J-A Ann & Peter Stanford
Report No. 2—by Mr. Branty
Direct to Fred Sjoberg

Dear Fred

You will note I've taken the case over myself, but you mustn't think it's because I agree with you that Holloway didn't do a fine job.

Holloway and I talked the situation over from every angle and the way we saw it, it was a simple case of stubborn lovers. A situation like this is like one of those puzzles where if you get the right twist the whole knot unties in your hand.

I made Holloway take me down to Pete's place first. We found him painting the redhead. Yipes! No wonder Ann Stanford blew up. She is a shapely lass believe me and she has a pair of come-hither eyes that I have no doubt what ever were busy telling Peter to come hither, only he being in love with Ann, who is no shrinking violet herself didn't read the message correctly. Ann however, must have spoiled its exact degree of willingness the way women do and she was properly alarmed. She knew what she was doing in getting sore. There's a dame that will hold her man.

This made my extremely thoughtful because now with Pete sure at Ann's feet eyeing Mr. America's torso, he was teetering to a state of mind where he was liable to tip over foolishly into an action that would cause a permanent breach. It is one thing for a wife to be angry because of what could happen. Once it actually happens irreparable damage is done.

I pointed this out to Holloway who pondered the problem in between glances at the redhead who was posing in a handkerchief and a wisp of veil.

He suggested that if I could get Pete out of sight for a half hour or so, he could talk to the redhead he might be able to work something out.

I asked him rather strongly what he had in mind. He stared at me coldly and informed me he was the father of four kids that he was pushing fifty, and that he had proved himself a loyal and loving husband through twenty years of temptation that working for Mr. Brown him into contact with.

After awhile Holloway wandered out into the hallway and gave me the high sign and we both beat it down the stairs and I asked him what he'd figured out.

Holloway said I'd see later. He wasn't sure if his idea would work out and since he was already in the doghouse for not satisfying you, Mr. Sjoberg, he was doomed if he'd let me know what he was going to do before it was successful.

I argued with this infantile notion but Holloway is a stubborn guy. That is why he's so good as a detective.

So I had to follow him down to Ann's photographic studio as if he were the boss of the outfit instead of me and let him do what he wanted.

This Mr. America guy wasn't there but Ann Stanford was. She was wrapping up some prints in between cardboard sheets and was pretty grim and not very easy to talk to. She said that as far as she was concerned until Pete admitted he was wrong and got rid of that redhead, she would never go back to him. Holloway pointed out that Pete felt the same way about her Mr. America and that he had come prepared to give up the redhead as a model even though he still felt she was unreasonable, but that he found her with this guy in the bathing suit. He asked Ann why she didn't make the first move.

She got sore at this. She said Pete had made the first mistake by telling her to stay in the kitchen and refusing to fire the model when she asked him to and that she was getting to kind of like Mr. America. He was a nice guy to talk to.

That's what got me scared. Mr. Sjoberg. That's what I was afraid of. Trouble starts small and grows like a weed. With two eight-year-old youngsters anything could happen.

I glared at Holloway and said aloud that he wonder he hadn't wanted to tell me his idea. He ignored me. He asked Ann to show up at a certain restaurant and see for herself that the redhead meant nothing to Peter. Peter was going to be there with the redhead waiting for her to talk the whole thing over.

Ann's face got red. All right, she agreed. She would come too, and bring Mr. America. Her eyes glittered with competition. I didn't like this. The situation was dynamite.

I looked worriedly at Holloway. He grinned broadly.

That's when I saw what Holloway had in mind. The man is a genius.

Just what you must have guessed by now would happen *did* happen. Mr. America took one look at the redhead and the redhead stared with large eyes at the shoulders and neck muscles of Mr. America and they went for each other like a ton of bricks. She gave him a come hither look and that big chunk of muscle quivered like he was jelly. He gave her a white-toothed smile and a silly love look came over the redhead's face. They got up went into a clinch and danced cheek to cheek with Pete and Ann staring.

Then Pete grinned sheepishly at Ann and Ann's eyes began to shine and I pulled Holloway's arm and we beat it. That Holloway, he had an idea the two models would go for each other. Smart huh?

Oh yes.

That picture of Mr. America sold to an advertising agency and Ann owns her equipment free and clear. She and her husband Peter are going to have adjoining studios. I understand photography and art go well together.

Enclosed find my bill.

Sincerely
Mr. Branty ★



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HEAD OFFICE — WINNIPEG

The Men Who Tried to Capture Canada

Continued from page 11

their neutrality. But Wassmann placed in the hands of the Americans all the information which suited his own purpose. If they didn't act upon it he gave facts out to the Press. The result was often effective anti-German propaganda which tended to hasten U. S. entry into the war in 1917.

Boy Ed was engaged early in 1915 trying to get German Army reservists resident in the U. S. back to their regiments in Europe through the British naval blockade with fake passports in neutral liners. He was unsuccessful and Von Papen planned to use these stranded men for an invasion of Canada. His ambassador, Count Johann von Bernstorff, was sceptical. But Foreign Minister Zimmerman in Berlin approved his preparations.

Von Papen was then in his middle thirties. He had a horsey face plus toothbrush mustache and monocle. He could raise his left eyebrow three and one half inches. He had started his military career in a humble regiment but marriage to the daughter of an Alsatian millionaire had enabled him to buy himself into a crack Prussian brigade and thus get seconded to diplomatic duties.

With his wife's money he had bought himself race horses, art treasures, a *Schloss* (small castle) and one of the best champagne bins in Europe. In Washington he charmed society parties with his cupped egotistical conversation. He detested the "common man."

Battalions From the Bunds

On Jan. 3 1915 Arthur Zimmerman sent the following cipher telegram to Ambassador Bernstorff in Washington. "Secret. Reference my 357. General staff anxious vigorous measures should be taken destroy Canadian Pacific for purpose causing lengthy interruptions of traffic. Acquaint military attaché with above and furnish sums required for enterprise."

It was one of hundreds of such telegrams demanding concrete results from Von Papen in Canada. Von Papen could draw on a fund of $50 millions held for sabotage and espionage by the German commercial attaché, Dr. Heinrich F. Albert. But up till this time Von Papen had been occupied with his more grandiose scheme.

He knew that about 165,000 Germanic people lived on the populous rim of the Great Lakes. They had been organized before the war into *Bunds* for beer festivals. Von Papen had secured 20,000 rifles and stored them in a Detroit warehouse. He now distributed these to the *Bunds* and ordered them to smarten up on drill and marksmanship.

Through Boy Ed he got a promise that when the time was ripe the German Navy would land shock troops and marines on the Canadian Pacific coast. He was in touch with Hindu nationalists planning armed mutiny in India from an apartment at 384 West 120th Street, New York City, and with Irish Republicans operating under command of Sir Roger Casement (later executed by the British) and meeting in New York a Spanish Club. Each of these groups claimed to have powerful contacts in Canada.

Von Papen planned that one day the *Bunds* would suddenly emerge as fighting battalions, cross the Detroit River, seize a bridgehead around Windsor and hold it. Thus with landings in the west, Hindu and Irish troubles and persistent sabotage would so occupy the Canadian Army that further reinforcements for Britain would be impossible.

Only when he had drawn up in detail the order of battle for his ghost army did Von Papen proceed to soften up Canada with terrorism.

The man he selected for the first adventure was Werner Horn, a German reserve officer who had come up from Guatemala and was living in New York under an assumed name while awaiting transport home. On Dec. 30 1914 Horn left N.Y. 123 dressed in the shabby overalls of a laborer, in his straw tool bag he carried explosives and detonators. He entrained for Vanceboro, Me., on the New Brunswick border. And he was tailed by one of Vodka's Czechs in the pay of the British.

Next morning Horn booked a room in a Vanceboro hotel. During the day he went to the station and asked questions about train times. Beyond the station was a long trestle rail bridge spanning the St. Croix River. That evening it was bitterly cold and the Czech agent shivered as he watched Horn, bag in hand, casually head out across the bridge smoking a cigar.

Horn crossed the international line and hooked his dynamite bag to the guard rail. He put his ear to the track, evidently to see whether a train was coming. He then cut down a 50-foot fuse to one that would burn only three minutes, lit it with his cigar and strolled back to the U. S.

The explosion blew a chunk out of the guard rail but left track and piers intact. The Czech shadow tipped off the Vanceboro police. In the first few minutes of New Years Day, 1915 Horn was arrested in his hotel room as he was rubbing snow from the window ledge in to his frozen fingers.

Later when he was interrogated by U. S. intelligence officers they asked why he had ridden to Vanceboro in a parlor car while dressed in a laborer's soiled overalls. Horn replied proudly: "I am a German officer. German officers always travel first class." He did not incriminate Von Papen.

Von Papen signaled the German Foreign Office that the St. Croix bridge operation had been a great success. Blithely he proceeded to the next step in what he called "bringing Canada to her knees."

In the Heidleburg Café, San Francisco, Deputy German Consul Wilhelm von Brincken over a stein of beer, offered R. J. von Koolbergen, a resident of Vancouver, a Dutchman by birth but a naturalized British subject, $35,000 to blow the C.P.R. Selkirk tunnel near Revelstoke, B.C.

$5,000 For a Phony Clipping

Van Koolbergen took no sides in the war. Nor did he choose to take risks. But he was always ready to take $3,000. After accepting $100 on account from Von Brincken he immediately squealed to the British Consul in San Francisco. A Carnegie Hero, Rose at once informed the Canadian authorities.

Canadian intelligence then evolved a plan to get evidence on Von Brincken which would leave the U. S. with no alternative but to arrest him. The idea was that Van Koolbergen should be enabled to collect his $3,000 and that Von Brincken should be arrested by the American police at the moment it was handed over.

A phony story was planted in Vancouver newspapers to the effect that the Selkirk Tunnel through the Rockies had caved in. Van Koolbergen armed with a clipping went back to San Francisco to collect. But he knew that if the Canadian plan succeeded he would have no title to the money. So

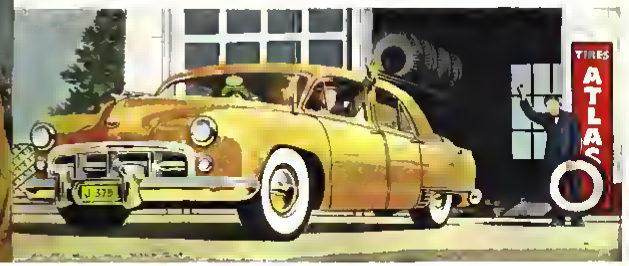
Continued on page 30

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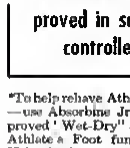


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ABSORBINE Jr.

America's No. 1 Athlete's Foot Stand by!

Continued from page 28

he deliberately misinformed the Canadians about the time of his meeting with Von Brincken.

The next day Von Brincken and Von Koelbergen met in the lobby of the Palace Hotel. The Canadian agents and U.S. police were waiting for them to turn up elsewhere. There was a haggle about money. At last Von Brincken took out a roll of $4,750 in bills, paid Von Koelbergen $1,500 and kept the remaining $3,250 as commission. And Von Koelbergen vanished.

Down at No. 123 Von Papen told Boy Ed that he was about to follow through with another "devastating blow of the west." Von Rintelen who chanced to be there winced.

Von Papen traveled by drawing-room car to Seattle where Von Brincken got him in touch with a Hindu nationalist called Ram Chandra, then studying at the University of California. Ram Chandra was certain that several thousand Hindus employed at Vancouver docks loading war materials would be glad to pass the time until the end of the year—when their full-scale mutiny was to coincide with German invasion—blowing up sections of the CPR.

Explosives were sent from No. 123 and cached with 50 rifles fitted with Maxim silencers near Blaine on the Canadian-U.S. western border.

But the day in May, 1915, before the weapons and dynamite were to be smuggled across the Canadian border and handed to a Vancouver Hindu leader, Ram Singh there was a national sensation in the U.S. The Annie Larsen, a U.S. tramp steamer, sheepishly put into Hoquiam, Wash., loaded with 10,000 rifles which Von Papen firmly believed were at that moment in India. The Annie Larsen was promptly seized by the port authorities.

This time Von Papen had been let down by his friend Boy-Ed. Von Papen had acquired the rifles for Indian mutineers and Boy-Ed had arranged for them to be shipped from San Diego illicitly in the Annie Larsen. At Socorro Island in the Pacific the rifles were to be transferred to a German tanker, the Maverick, which would then land them by night on the coast of India.

Boy-Ed got his sailing dates mixed. The Annie Larsen arrived at the lonely Pacific rendezvous weeks ahead of time. Since there was no water on the island, Annie Larsen's crew, after waiting in vain for Maverick to turn up, were threatened with death by thirst. So her skipper sensibly returned home and gave himself up.

The Battlefield of Windsor

Hindu matters were at once a hot potato and Von Papen quickly forgot the Vancouver plot. But his agents didn't. "Now that I have struck at the flanks I shall strike Canada in the belly," he told Boy-Ed one evening soon after at No. 123.

Von Papen's favorite in the Great Lakes *Bunds* was Albert Kaltschmidt, a German-American who owned a small engineering shop in Detroit. Von Papen had already paid Kaltschmidt $25,000 to most underground weapon training costs. Now Kaltschmidt was to command his first action.

In June 1915, Kaltschmidt called to his office his lieutenants, Walter Scholz, Carl Schmidt and Charles Francis Respa. "We are ordered to do something for our dear Fatherland," he said. "You must not care anything for the Canadians and Americans. In the end they will only trample on your face."

He then invited in from a back room one William Lafler, a Canadian of German descent and pro-German views, who was caretaker of the Peabody overall factory in Walkerville, near Windsor, Ont., which made nothing more harmful than soldiers' fatigue suits. It was zero hour.

On June 21 Respa and his sister, Mrs. Carl Schmidt, wife of the other lieutenant, crossed from Detroit to Windsor in darkness carrying explosives and time clocks in two cheap suitcases. At the Peabody factory Respa handed Lafler dynamite and one of the clocks. Respa and his sister then placed the remainder of the explosives against the wall of the Windsor Armories, where Canadian troops were billeted, and scurried back to the U.S.

The Peabody factory was wrecked, without loss of life, at 3 a.m. The bomb against the armories failed to go off. Lafler, the caretaker of the factory, was at once suspected and arrested. He incriminated Respa. Kaltschmidt and the others who were arrested and jailed.

Franz von Papen's cable to Berlin was exultant. To Boy-Ed he said: "The big day drawn near."

When a Spy Squealed

Von Papen was now using No. 123 so carelessly that its purpose was known to the British Secret Service. Voska, the Czech, had installed one of his men among its ruffish denizens. Von Papen expressed his contempt for the fledgling U.S. counter-espionage in the words "these idiotic Yankees." But they were closing in on him. He lost a secret cipher to a pretty English girl agent and continued to use it for two weeks. One of the Voska Czechs was able to latch on to commercial attaché Hench Albert and lift his satchel full of secret documents as he traveled on the El.

In consequence Von Rintelen had to flee the country on a Swiss passport only to be detained by the British when his neutral ship called at Falmouth for inspection. In his obsession with Canada Von Papen was blind to the fact that his every move was known and only his diplomatic status was saving him from arrest.

In September, 1915, he turned his attention to the Welland Canal, a vital 27 mile waterway between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The destruction of this link in Great Lakes communications was to be the penultimate master stroke before invasion brought the *coup de grâce* to Canada.

His gave this job to Paul Koenig, a thick-necked ruffian who hung around No. 123, and to Richard Emil Leyendecker.

On Sept. 27 Koenig and Leyendecker arrived in Buffalo. They were met by other agents who had been reconnoitering the intricate locks two miles north of Thorold, Ont., on the Welland Canal. A sum of $500,000 was available to them if needed. Sir William Wiseman, the British Secret Service chief in New York, knew all this and he was, of course, in touch with Canadian Military Intelligence.

Koenig went over to Canada to inspect the canal and was shocked to find every inch guarded. He hurried back to his confederates and told them he thought the best was on. The precise plan they had in mind was never known but it is believed it involved purchase of a steamer, filling her holds with nitroglycerin, sailing her into the most vulnerable lock and blowing her apart.

A period of waiting set in. Koenig's further tours along the canal showed the guard was thickening daily. Members of the party suddenly realized they were being shadowed. The tension was so great that they began to lose heart and started snapping at one another.

Finally one of the spies, George Fuchs, cracked up. During a quarrel with Koenig over $715 he had a nervous breakdown, rushed out, and gave himself up. The entire party was arrested and charged with conspiracy to violate the neutrality laws of the United States.

Von Papen's name came out and he was ordered to leave the country by the U.S. State Department. Boy-Ed was banished at the same time.

Von Papen embarked in the neutral Holland-America liner Noordam on Dec. 23, 1915. He had 26 steamer trunks, five cases of champagne and a safe conduct through the British blockade.

Two days later British patrols boarded the Noordam at Falmouth and seized Von Papen's baggage. He protested he was protected by his diplomatic safe conduct. "That," said the young British naval officer, "applies to your person. You will be permitted to continue in your clothing only by the good grace of the Royal Navy." Von Papen's final jackass act had been to pack all his documents in the belief he would get through the blockade.

Among thousands of incriminating papers in his trunks were four bushel baskets of cheque stubs all made out to specified people like Werner Horn, Von Brincken, Ram Chandra and Kaltschmidt. Altogether he had spent $1,500,000 on his Canadian reign of terror.

This evidence collapsed Von Papen's entire setup in the U.S. Werner Horn, who was serving 18 months in Atlanta Penitentiary, Ga., for carrying dynamite without a permit was tried in New Brunswick for dynamiting the St. Croix bridge, and sentenced to 10 years in Dorchester Penitentiary. In 1921, after his bad feet his reason, Horn was deported to Germany, never to be heard of again.

Von Begg and Von Brincken, German Consul and Vice-Consul, were arrested and tried in San Francisco along with Ram Singh who had waited in vain for rifles for his Vancouver Hindus and Ram Chandra who failed to get them across the border after losing Von Papen's support. Ram Singh believing it was his compatriot Von Papen who had betrayed him shot Ram Chandra dead in the court room. A U.S. cop at once shot Ram Singh dead.

Von Rintelen's more subtle and circumspect agents managed to blow up Black Tom quay in 1916 and in January 1917 the Kingsland ghost. But then Mesa Edwards, the Eastman Girl, Von Papen's old paramour, penniched and betrayed them. The last of the menials scuttled from No. 123 like beetles from under a stone.

By the end of January 1917, every known German agent who had escaped arrest in the U.S. was recuperating from nervous strain in Mexico City—benevolently watched by more of Sir William Wiseman's boys.

In the senior officers' prison camp at Donnington Hall, England, Von Rintelen was taking tea with a front-line German colonel when news reached them that in Palestine a Colonel Franz von Papen had fled before the advance of General Allenby, leaving behind hundreds of confidential documents which had still further bearing on German subversion in North America.

"What regiment does that fool come from?" asked the colonel at Donnington Hall.

"First Regiment of Uhlans of the Guard, sir," said Von Rintelen wearily passing a hand over his eyes.

"Ah," said the front line colonel sadly, "that explains everything." ★



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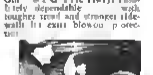
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The Lady Is Afraid

Continued from page 15

You know Mac we come as close as the two of us were. I never found out a thing about Elsa's background. Oh, I knew she had a practically unpronounceable last name and she was supposed to be a refugee who'd come over here as a kid when Hitler first started going wild, but that's all I knew. The first time I started poking into her past I got told to leave it alone.

She wasn't coy about it. She just told me that she had few happy memories and too many unhappy ones and it would be better if we looked ahead, not backward. Well, I figured that a beautiful Jewish girl—if she was Jewish—growing up among Storm Troopers and cruds like that might have had some experiences that were better forgotten, so I didn't ask any more questions.

We went along and every green was a one putt green for a year or two years. Then one day I came home to find Elsa huddled in a chair, looking strained, scared, ready to run.

"Jake," she told me, "I think—I know—I saw Mister Avramm today."

I didn't know any Mister Avramm. I'd never heard the name before but when she said the word I knew, somehow, that it was Avramm with two ms. Not Abrams or Avery or Allman. Avgarm. Mister Avramm.

"Let's see," I asked. "Just where did we meet Mister Avramm?"

She gave a shudder, the kind we used to say, as kids, came when somebody walked over the place you were going to be buried.

"You've never met him," Elsa said. "At least, I don't think you have. Maybe—"

Now, I'm not a particularly trusting soul, Mac, you know that. But there wasn't the slightest bit of jealousy in my love for Elsa. So this Mister Avramm might have been Elsa's lover once—as my own record wasn't exactly spotless. I sat down on the arm of my wife's chair and brought her over close to me.

"Listen," I told her. "There isn't any Mister Avramm in the world who should make you feel frightened or guilty."

"You don't know him," she said. "You don't know Mister Avramm."

"Want to talk about him?" I asked her. She spread her hands. She had long, tapering fingers, you'll remember.

"I can't talk about him," she said, "because I don't know anything about him, really. I know he's evil. Jake. He's terribly evil!"

"I don't know what you mean," I said, "but if this Mister Avramm or anybody else ever bothers you, you let me know."

I put it down to nerves. Elsa was mixed up in a lot of women's groups—the garden club, charity organizations, hospital work—you know. She'd been working too hard and she was tired and her imagination was playing tricks on her.

ABOUT a week after that I had to go to Montreal on business. I had to leave Elsa alone for the first time since we'd been married.

"I'll be all right," she told me. "The servants will be here and I think I'll have some people in for dinner. Don't worry about me."

When I got back to my hotel that first night in Montreal, there was a slip in my box telling me to call home. Elsa was crying when she picked up the phone.

"Jake!" she yelled. "You've got to come home! He was here!" It sounded as though the words were being forked out of her mouth.

"Who?" I said.

"Mister Avramm," and then there was that strangled crying and the sound of the phone being slammed back onto its cradle.

I chartered a plane and got home as soon as I could. Every light in our place was on when I ran up the steps and banged open the front door. I could hear Elsa whimpering upstairs. When I got to her room I found her lying across the bed. Her hair was down over her face, her clothes were all wrinkled, her face was so swollen that she almost wasn't beautiful.

"He was here!" she cried. "He came to the front door and I answered the bell and he laughed at me and told me it wouldn't do any good for me to try to get away from him! He said he'd get me back!"

Well, I thought I knew a nervous breakdown when I saw one. I got some nembutal and made Elsa take some and then I phoned Doc Sands. He came right over and gave Elsa a needle and she went to sleep. While Doc was taking care of my wife, I went hunting for the servants. I found that at least one of them was in the place.

After Elsa was undressed and under the covers I went downstairs and mixed a drink for Doc and me.

I was at the side of her bed when she woke up the next morning. She opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling and then looked at me. She reached out and grabbed my hand hard.

"He was here," she whispered. I knew he'd came."

"He's not here now." I told her. "What happened?"

She told me she'd been listening to the radio and the program had just changed at 30 when the front doorbell rang.

"I answered the door," she said. "Mister Avramm was there."

She swallowed and gripped my hand tighter.

"He smiled at me," she said. "He told me—reminded me, maybe—that I belonged to him and there was no use trying to run away. He said he'd always be wherever I went. Jake, he'll get me!"

"Not with J. Kenny around," I told her. "And what happened to the servants? What happened to the dinner you said you were going to have?"

"I don't know," she said. "All of a sudden I got the idea of giving the servants the night off and calling up the people I'd invited to dinner and asking them to make it another night. I don't know why I did it."

By this time it was obvious to me that there was some nut some crank wandering around our neighborhood scaring women. I called the police.

YOU KNOW how it is in this town, Mac, with my family and the money we've got. I guess they pulled cops off cases to find the man who'd scared my wife. That afternoon the Chief called me and said they'd found the guy. Would it be all right if they brought him up to the house and had Elsa take a look at him to see if he was the right one?

I said sure. They had him there in five minutes.

He was big, all right, had good looking with an olive skin and teeth that were as white they looked almost artificial. He wore good clothes and the right kind of shoes. I'd been ready to slug him the first time I saw him but when they brought him into the house I kept my hands in my pockets. I saw that this guy was a gentleman who'd blown his cork somehow and found his new strange pleasure in frightening



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women. It could happen to anybody and he wasn't to be pitied, not punched.

The man had left control of the situation. He acted like a fellow who knew a bad mistake had been made and also knew it was only a question of time before everything would be straightened out. He came over to me with his hand thrust out.

Mr. Kenny," he said. "He pokes say I frightened Mrs. Kenny last night. I'm very sorry, really I am."

You admit you were here then, Mister Avrmunn? I asked.

His eyebrows went up.

Muster Avramm," he asked me. My name's Holloway. F. B. Holloway. But of course I admit I was here last evening. I've told the officers how I was looking for an address in this neighborhood and took the wrong turn somewhere. I stopped here to ask directions. Mrs. Kenny answered the door. She looked at me and screamed and ran back into the house. I didn't know just what to do, naturally. I was surprised, embarrassed. I called inside to ask the lady if there was anything wrong. If I could be of any help. She told me to go away. It sounded to me as though she was crying."

He hunched his shoulders and spread his hands.

"I didn't like the idea of leaving a person who was so obviously—distur bed," he said, "but I drove down the street and made my enquiries at another house. Then I went to my friend's place. Maybe you know him—Al Jenson."

Of course, we both know Al. He was with us on that trip we took to—yeah, I knew Al Jenson all right.

Maybe there were two people here last night," one of the cops said. "Maybe Mr. Holloway came here after this other man, the prowler, frightened your wife. If we could have Mrs. Kenny see this man we could straighten this out."

Let's check," cop suggested.

Everything checked. Al Jenson said he'd known F. B. Holloway for years. The police used the phone to make sure that Holloway was executive vice-president of a tap ranking trust company. If a man ever had credentials it was Holloway.

It's perfectly all right," he told me after I'd apologized. "These things will happen. The wife of a very dear friend of mine was afflicted the same way."

DOC SANDS recommended a vacation for both of us and we went up to Rama Horn Lodge for the winter sports. We spent some wonderful days there. We skied some and we skated some but mostly we sat on the glassed in verande and looked over the snow and held hands and fell in love again. Every morning and each evening Elsa lost her new habit of looking over her shoulder every so often.

We'd finished breakfast and Elsa was mehing a third cup of coffee last when I told her I'd see to the checking-out and getting the bags down and the car around in front. Elsa was away from her table about 20 minutes, not more. When I came back Elsa was sitting there with her head down as though she was reading a paper beside her plate.

I touched her shoulder and it was as hard as stone and then it was a stone that shivered and shook and the sobs began bubbling out of her mouth and her words were choked as though there was a hand around her throat.

He's here!" she told me. "Mister Avramm! He found me again! I knew he would. Jake!"

I got sure Mar. We'd had a wonderful time at the lodge and she'd been her old self and now on the last day she had to go and spoil it all with this Mister Avramm business.

"Cut it out!" I told her. "There's no Avramm here or anyplace else! Get that through your head."

"It was Mister Avramm!" she told me. Her voice was just under a scream by this time.

Heads started turning to our direction. A taltsman came threading himself through the tables. It was F. B. Holloway.

"Is the lady ill?" he asked. "Can I be of any help?"

"Holloway!" I said. "Of all the lousy luck that brought you here!"

His eyebrows went up the same way they had when a P.d called him Avramm, the day the cops had brought him around to the house.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "My name is Bleuvet. I'm maître d'hôtel here. If we could get the lady to my office, I'll call the house physician."

"Mister Avramm!" Elsa wailed.

The big man looked down at Elsa and then at me. His face took on the same sympathetic—playing—look Holloway had given me. But this *was* Holloway! It had to be Holloway!

Ah," he said. "I did not understand, *m'sieur*."

I started to say something and saw it wouldn't make sense. I got Elsa up out of her chair and led her out to the car. The bellboys parked our bags in the rear deck and we got out of there.

You believe me now?" Elsa asked me on the way home.

"Yes," I told her. "Yes, I believe you."

I didn't though. It was all explainable. You know how they say every body has an identical twin somewhere in the world? Well, this Bleuvet was Holloway's twin and it had been just our bad luck to meet up with him.

Still, I investigated. I got the best bueeh of private detectives that money could buy to look up things for me. They told me that Bleuvet had been at Rama Horn Lodge for five years. We hadn't been there before that last morning because he'd been away attending a sister's funeral.

There were lots of solid as F. B. Holloway's background had been. And that meant that Elsa—

You know most of what happened in here about the psychiatrists and the others who talked to her and treated her after that trip to Rama Horn Lodge. She went through with it all because I think that by then she was afraid that she was—not right. Sometimes she used to ring to me and push her face into my shoulder.

Ah, Jake," she'd say. "I wish I were dead. I'll never bring you anything but trouble."

Jake," she told me. "No matter what happens, you're the only man I've ever loved."

A COUPLE of months went by. Then one day I felt myself coming down with a lousy cold and I left the office for home and bed just after noon. I was going up the front steps fishing for my keys, when the door opened and he came out.

He wasn't as well-dressed, this time. He was carrying a big cardboard case by one of those wood and wire handles that hack into the cord of a bundle. But cheap clothes and shapeless hat and all there he was. F. B. Holloway. Monsieur Bleuvet. Mister Avramm.

I caught him by the lapels of his crummy overcoat and swung him around.

"What is this? I asked him. "What's the big idea?"

He smiled at me scared.

"Nice face," he said. "Very cheap."

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I hauled him aside. Elsa was on the divan by the fireplace crying hopelessly. I held onto the guy while I called the cops. They were there in three minutes.

His name was Spiros Anastopoulis and he was a Greek lace peddler. The police gave him a complete going over. They found and proved that he had served with the Greek underground resistance during the war, that he had been commended by a British general named Jumbie Wilson, that he had worked as interpreter for the American Embassy at Athens, that he had—aw, hell!

The chief of police called me downtown his office a few days after the episode of the lace peddler.

"Twice," he reminded me. "We've answered complaints about him bothering Mrs. Kenny. Twice it's turned out that there was some mistake. Maybe it would be a good thing if you didn't call us any more, Mr. Kenny, unless you know it's something more than—uh—theo a woman's nervousness."

"I won't call you again," I said. "I'll take care of it myself the next time."

I was believing it then, you see. Mor. I was believing that there was a Mister Avramm who could show up under a lot of different names all complete with solid backgrounds and manufactured memories and—

Obey. Maybe I get a little too excited, at times.

I guess you saw Elsa just before—It happened. Big shadows under her eyes, cheeks drawn in too thin, jumpy, looking over her shoulder all the time.

"Tell me," I asked her once, "just who is this Mister Avramm? If you tell me, maybe it'll help us get rid of him."

"I'd tell you if I really knew," she said, "but I don't. I guess I've known him a long time—perhaps I've always known him. But you see I can't even tell you how long. Always has been with me. Jake, and how long always is going to be. But Mister Avramm is evil. I know that. He wants me and he'll get me and—oh, darling!"

We went to a wedding one day and there he was, playing the organ. All I could see was the piece of his face showing in the little rearview mirror above the keys but those were his eyes and once, when he raised his head that was his smile. Elsa began to shiver and shake and I had to take her out of the church.

About a month after that I had to go on a job that couldn't be handled by anybody else. I took Elsa with me. I thought that trip would do her good and really, I was afraid to leave her alone for the two weeks or more that I'd be away. I was afraid that there'd be more lace peddlers or organists or F. B. Holloways or men named Bleuvet dropping around, and they'd all be Mister Avramm.

While the car was still in the station I left Jake than I'd felt in weeks. I tried the door to make sure it was locked and then I took off my overcoat and sprawled out on the seat opposite the chair where Elsa sat. She was skipping through a magazine.

The train gave a gentle lurch and started to move. I looked out at the platform gliding past.

And there he was, Mac! *There he was!*

He was standing on the platform leaning against a pillar, his eyes fixed on our window. He was smiling and as our car passed him he put a hand up to the brim of his homburg in a sort of salute. Yeah, there he was, the best looking man ever to come out of Hell.

Elsa hadn't looked up from her magazine and I was thankful for that. I leaned back and closed my eyes.

I'd made a mistake. I was getting so jittery that everybody, a stranger on a station platform, looked like Mister Avramm to me. The guy I'd seen must have been a guy named Smith who was seeing his wife and kids off.

I sat there keeping my eyes closed, until Elsa put down her magazine.

"I think I'll go up to the club car," she told me. "Join me, or would you rather have a nap?"

Nap," I said. Mister Avramm was on the platform of the station. He couldn't hurt Elsa from there, and I needed time to get myself together.

She left. Maybe I dozed. I'm not sure. The next thing I knew, I was on the floor and the place was full of dust and flying gravel and the smell of hot oil. There was the sound of steel grinding against steel and people were yelling and—

Hah, the shakes again. Don't let the doctor see you like this or I'll be in here for a long, long time.

I suppose you read all about the wreck, Mac. The club car was forward and the freight that jumped the switch hit it head-on. They said they thought there were 21 people in the club car at the time but they couldn't be sure. There were odds and ends they never were able to match up exactly. I got off with what the papers always call minor injuries.

They sent a basket home that they said contained Elsa's Books and Lee handled the funeral. Remember how pretty the flowers were, Mac?

Your visiting time must be nearly up. I can see the guard edging his way over toward us.

The doctors say I got a rap on the head that made me this way—disturbed. Oh they're right! They were as right when they said Elsa was suffering from hallucinations and they were as right when they told me the rap on the head plus the shock of losing Elsa brought on a nervous breakdown. Never argue with doctors, Mac. They're always right.

But they let me into the reading room on the third floor the other day and I tore this thing out of one of those picture magazines. Here, take it and see why I know I've got to hunt up Elsa and Mister Avramm when they let me out of here. You'll see why I know Elsa's still alive, Mac. You'll see—

HE LOOKED at me a while and then he shook his head.

No," he said carefully. You won't see. I thought you would, but you're like everybody else. You—aw, skip it!"

I pushed the scrap of paper he'd handed me into a pocket as the guard walked up to us. I wanted out. I couldn't take any more of this. Jake had been my best friend and now he was somebody obsessed by the awful conviction that his dead wife was alive, that an impossible Mister Avramm had somehow resurrected her from a train wreck and captured her.

All right, Mr. Kenny?" the guard asked, with hollow joviality. Shall we go back now and get ready for dinner?

So long, Jake," I mumbled. "I'll see you later."

He didn't answer. He didn't even look at me. He turned his back and walked away. The guard headed him toward the door. I knew I would be locked behind him.

Outside the gate set in the high wall I inhaled unimprisoned air for the bottom of my lungs. I reached for a cigarette and my hand touched the piece of paper Jake had given me just before our time was up.

It was a photograph of a hall given in Ottawa, with the men in tails and the women with smooth bared shoulders. In the right foreground was a tall

Continued on page 37

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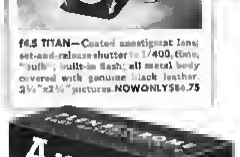
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Continued from page 35

man with a dark skin and a wide smile. He was just as handsome as Jake had said he was, and standing beside him was Elsa. There was no mistaking her. There were her cool grey eyes looking into the camera, and there was her perfect mouth, twisted into a wistful smile. The picture made her look so though she were hoping that somebody —anybody—would see it and know she needed help.

I looked at the caption under the picture. It said:

Ottawa! Gathered at the home of so forth and so forth and so forth are the Capital's top-ranking socialites, convened to help celebrate the so forth and so forth and so forth. Reading from left to right, front row, are so forth and so forth and Count Flegg von der Roeften in Ottawa for a few days on a visit from his native Netherlands and his Countess, Maria Celestine, one of Europe's most famous beauties and youngest daughter of the House of Elpe zum Prehelst.

Mister Avramm and Elsa!

I could answer the silent appeal that Elsa was sending out from that picture. I was a lawyer and I could go to court and work to get Jake out of that hospital and start him on his way to Holland or wherever he'd have to go to find Elsa.

Well, I did go to the Public Library to look at an Almanach de Gotha. Sure, it was right there in black and white: Maria Celestine, youngest daughter of the House of Elpe zum Prehelst, m. Count Flegg von der Roeften on March 8, 1946 at Barneveld; one son, two daughters—

I knew then that Mister Avramm would always make the records back him up. I knew then it would take a better man than me or Jake to beat him.

Jake was my best friend but there was one thing I could do.

I closed the Almanach and crushed the chipping Jake had pushed into my hand. I tossed the scrap of paper into the wastebasket. I knew when I was licked—when both of us were licked. I could prove I was a real friend of Jake's by going to town on this thing and—

Ever smelled the disinfectant in a hospital—even a high priced mental hospital like Jake Kenny was in?

I wasn't big enough to want any part of this. Not a part of it. Nobody was ever going to lock doors behind me. ★

Papers, Pickets and Profits

Continued from page 16

bylaws be nonarbitrable. (The Calgary Herald broke with the union a decade earlier and thus wasn't affected while the Medicine Hat News, which has an ITU shop today, hadn't yet been acquired by the Southams.)

This was the beginning of what the Southams call a "sympathy strike" and what the union insists is a "protective strike." It has been a bitter and acrimonious struggle which saw a new paper, the Citizen, appear briefly in Winnipeg and may see a second daily start in Hamilton where the ITU now publishes a paper three times a week.

Strike or no strike, all the Southam papers make money. The trend toward one-paper towns has left many of them in a monopoly or near-monopoly position. Save for the pickle line, the Southam group, individually and collectively, is plaid enough today, perhaps because the newspaper business is becoming so cold and practical an operation as a sawmill. But in the days of freewheeling personal journalism each paper had its own particular problems.

William Southam, Sr. s, Hamilton Spectator, the first of the group, fought two circulation battles and kneeled two newspapers out of business to establish its monopoly. When the rival Hamilton Herald announced it had the largest circulation in town, William rented a nearby basement and installed a counting machine to count the revolutions of the rival presses. The claim was right and Southam ordered that from then on the Spec would always contain more pages than its opponent, no matter what the cost.

$30,000 Worth of Dolls

By 1910 the two papers were locked in the most expensive circulation campaign ever waged in Canadian newspaper history. The Spectator held a popularity contest for girls and dangled best trips to Europe as prizes. New subscriptions were worth votes to the girls and the stunt was so successful that circulation men sat up all night and Sunday counting votes and money. William, returning from church one morning and seeing the lights on at the paper, broke in on the moneychangers and angrily ordered them to stop breaking the Sabbath. His men meekly filed out but sneaked back half an hour later. The Spec circulation rocketed past the Herald's and the Hamilton Times was so badly hit that it soon gave up the ghost.

Southam boosted the free trips to Europe to a round dozen, sent 20 more girls to Bermuda and another boatload on a free junket up the Saguenay. He hired all the bands in town and led a procession from office to dock to wave the winners good by. There was an orchestra on every boat and the paper paid the fares of the thousands who took the electric railway to the lakeside. Three additional boats were chartered for a moonlight cruise to serenade the departing winners.

Unfortunately a storm blew up and one boat lost its bearings, bringing its seasick passengers home at 6.45 a.m. to a crowd of 5,000 frantic relatives. But the Spectator was established in Hamilton.

In the 20s, the Spec settled the Herald's hash with another circulation campaign in which they gave away $30,000 worth of mamma dolls. Soon after the Southams quietly acquired their rival which they ran until 1936 when Hamilton became a one-paper town.

Today the Spec blankets the community giving its readers more columns of news than the mighty Toronto Star. Its founder, William Southam, Sr. hated the flashy modern brand of journalism but believed in giving his readers their money's worth. The paper sells for three cents but runs no local news on page one unless a local story is of world importance. Murders, unless they involve people like Evelyn Dick, go onto page seven where Hamilton fans have long since learned to find city copy.

The Southams' second paper was the Ottawa Citizen which William's eldest son, Wilson, acquired with $4,000 capital and a secondhand typesetting machine in 1897. The Citizen's problems have been of a different nature. Its editor, C. A. Bowman, followed the maverick tendencies of Wilson and his brother Henry and plumped hard for Christian Science, Social Credit and a host of unorthodox ideas until he retired in 1945.

A fiery editorialist, Bowman once goaded Sir Wilfrid Laurier into a



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threat to pull government ads out of the paper. In 1910 he caused another unholy roar by pointing out that the Ross rifle, standard issue to the Canadian Army, was jamming badly. The Hon. Robert Rogers threatened to jail the Citizen's editors but the Ross was replaced.

Twenty-five years and one war later Bowman and his bosses again faced jail when he was hailed before the courts for another editorial which seemed to suggest that the soldiers' return to Canada with Bren guns loaded. Bowman insisted he meant the soldiers do their shooting with ballots not bullets and the paper was found not guilty. Harry Southam, the publisher, was so angry at this threat to jail him that he sold his magnificent collection of French paintings which he had intended willing to the National Gallery.

Still a Strait-Laced Citizen

Like the Spectator the Citizen plays down crime news, but for a different reason. Harry Southam is a strong Christian Scientist and the paper looks a good deal like the Christian Science Monitor. At one time reporters received Christian Science literature with their pay cheques and in hiring men a Citizen questionnaire asked pointedly whether they drank or not. Preference went to teetotalers.

Managing editor Bob Southam, Harry's big, dark-haired son, who is no fervent churchman, has modified this policy somewhat but the Citizen is still a fairly strait-laced paper. It once played down a sensational murder case so much that the editors grew apprehensive and sent reporters out to get statements from the clergy approving this reticence. Other Southam papers, which ordinarily have little in common, run a daily Bible text supplied by Harry, which is the same one that selected for reading by the Christian Science Church.

In 1930, while the Citizen was stanchly espousing Social Credit, the Southams' two Alberta papers were bitterly attacking it. Premier Aberhart approved Citizen editorials at one moment and shouted to his followers to cancel Calgary Herald subscriptions at another. (Twenty-four hundred followed this advice in one week.) In Edmonton the Social Credit Legislature tried to jail a Journal reporter for a slighting reference and the paper won the only Pulitzer award ever given outside the U. S. for standing up to the government.

"Most people will marvel at the long time it takes for the heads of the House of Southam to communicate their policies to the Alberta branches of their enterprise," the Calgary Albertan commented in bewilderment. "Actually the Southams let the Alberta papers run their own show."

The Southams invaded the West in 1908 to buy the Calgary Herald, a paper which was as raw as the frontier. When its schoolmaster editor, T. R. Braden, wrote an editorial that ran: her J. J. McHugh didn't like, McHugh strode into the office and punched him full in the face. Another editor, Hugh St. Q. Cayley, had been jailed for attacking the courts. He was taken to jail by a torchlight procession headed by a brass band which stopped at each bar-room en route, allowing Cayley to make an impassioned speech on freedom of the Press from the wagon box. The Herald was the sort of paper which in the 1896 election campaign assigned a photographer to stalk the Hon. John Oliver in hopes of catching him drunk enough to run a damaging photo on page one.

Rivalry was fierce when the Southams took over. When the Herald's pet dog went missing the opposition News offered to run a free classified ad to help find it. Herald men were touched by this generosity until the News announced in bold headlines that its ad had found the creature (which had been bound and gagged in the paper's back room all the time).

The paper was purchased on behalf of the Southams by Hon. Lt.-Col. James Howard Bertie Woods, C.M.G., a stubby, bristling man with a white waxed moustache and a perennial rose in his buttonhole, who became a Boy Scout leader, Canadian Chamber of Commerce president and liked his gin with water.

In 1912 Woods acquired the Edmonton Journal as the fourth Southam newspaper.

Under the Southams the Journal fought one hell struggle against Frank Oliver's Bulletin, which was the big paper. But in the end the Journal won. (One method was to create an impression of popularity by copying ads out of the Bulletin and running them free.) In the early 20s the Bulletin stopped publication for six months and since then has never regained position.

In 1925 the Bulletin's new publisher, Charles E. Campbell, unable to get a Canadian Press franchise, bitterly attacked the Southams as a "huge printing octopus" exploiting the West with "insidious propaganda." Bertie Woods was at the time president of CP. Six months later in a front page editorial Campbell apologized to the Southams and not long after his paper was granted a franchise.

Today neither the Journal nor the Herald finds it necessary to bestir itself unduly to maintain its comfortable lead position. There are more Heralds sold in Calgary than there are homes, and publisher John Sentham (Wilson's seat has plenty of time for hunting, fishing and skiing.

Nothing much has happened on the Herald since its Cherokee city hall reporter, Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, dropped a fake bomb into a council meeting causing one city father to leap out of the window.

Nothing much has happened on the Journal since its former managing editor, Cliff Wallace, turned it into a carbon copy of the Toronto Star. In one hit-and-run accident he ran 32 photographs of surviving relatives, including two maiden aunts in Medicine Hat.

The Trib is Nice to Eaton's

Things are more hectic in Winnipeg where the Tribune operates as the only paper in the group that has always had to play second fiddle. The gaunt, shaggy ghost of John W. Dafoe, the late editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, still haunts the town. Tribune reporters covering Canadian Club luncheons often wince as guest speakers prefer their remarks with a short eulogy to Dafoe.

A Free Press taunt in 1880 caused swarthy R. L. Richardson to launch the fledgling Trib. The Free Press, having gobbled up its two competitors, stood alone in a town that had seen 25 newspapers die in 30 years. Richardson's first editorial referred to a "sinister and powerful enemy" attempting to muzzle the Press (the Free Press had boasted exclusive wire service news). Richardson hired correspondents in Minneapolis to scalp the papers and wire the news to him.

In the ensuing 60 years the Trib has vainly tried to wrest circulation from its rival. Trib circulation has continued to go up, but Free Press circulation has always gone higher.

M. E. Nichols, a former Winnipeg

Continued on page 40



MILK builds a healthy nation

Canadians consumed 14½ billion pounds of milk in 1949 . . . on overage of 430 quarts per person. Modern mochines enobled farmers to produce it, in spite of help shortoge.

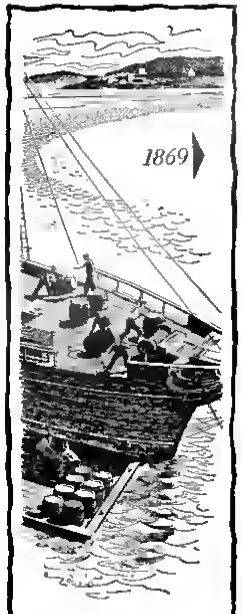
It takes a lot of hard work to produce milk. Cows have to be milked twice a day, 7 days a week. For every cow in the herd, it is necessary to put up at least 1½ tons of hay, 3 tons of silage and a ton of grain for winter feeding, plus half a ton of straw for bedding.

In spite of wartime and post-war shortage of help, dairy farmers have continued to produce milk to abundance . . . with the aid of modern tractors and power farming equipment. Tractor-powered machines multiply the amount of field work a man can do in a day. Modern power milkers enable one man to milk as many cows in an hour as 3 men can milk by hand.

Milk builds healthy payrolls as well as healthy people. Farm income from the sale of 14½ billion pounds of milk in 1949 went out to buy millions of dollars worth of goods made by town and city workers.

EVERY CANADIAN BENEFITS WHEN FARMERS ARE PROSPEROUS

MASSEY-HARRIS
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By barrel, by ship, and long rail haul.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA
HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO ONT.
MM-30

LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

Continued from page 38

newsman, tank over the Tribune as message director when the Southams bought the paper in 1920. In his first six months Nichols lost the company $50 000 and headed for Ottawa to hand in his resignation. Wilson Southam waved him back and from then on the paper made money.

Under Nichols the Liberal Agrarian Tribune became Conservative, but in local politics Nichols pragmatically supported labor. In 1922 he launched an attack on the privately owned Winnipeg Electric Co. The issue became so hot that merchants pulled their ads out of the paper and people meeting Nichols on the street refused to talk to him.

The paper gained prestige but lost circulation. It was down to 14 000 when the Free Press quarreled with Eaton's over ad rates. When the department store pulled its ads from the Free Press for six weeks newswives rushed to buy the Trib and circulation soared to 67,000 at one point. Tribune men haven't forgotten this and still give department stores easy treatment.

Tribune men were forced to work hard and perhaps because of this the paper has become a spawning centre for the rest of the group. The editors of the Calgary Herald and Ottawa Citizen, the publisher of the Vancouver Province, and the heads of the Southams' Ottawa, Washington and London bureaus all started on the Tribune.

All this striving sometimes produced comic results. When city editor Fred O'Malley, in a burst of enthusiasm, decided to have a crack at personally capturing The Strangler, a homicidal sex maniac who was terrifying the town the police very nearly shot him in the belief that *he* was the strangler.

On one occasion the Trib set up a comprehensive Readers' Service to all Winnipegers who could, by phoning the city desk, get any question answered. Trib reporters used to harass their friends on night desk by keeping up a running fire of obscure questions. One night a woman phoned the desk and asked: "What shall I do with my sick squirrel?"

The night man heads himself from his beats with the World Almanac and the Encyclopaedia Britannica, told her exactly what to do with it.

That ended the Readers' Service.

In the middle 30s Nichols moved to the Vancouver Province as publisher. Sensa of his frustration in beating his head against the brick wall of John Dafoe's mighty paper may be read into a remark in his book on the Canadian Press. In all his years in Winnipeg, he said, Dafoe never mentioned the Tribune once by name. Today Tribune editors still attack their rival. The Free Press has yet to reply.

The Southams got most of their newspapers cheaply in the days before they became big business. But it cost $1 500 000 to buy the Vancouver Daily Province in 1923, a sum that must have delighted its owner Walter Nichols (no relation to M. E.). A former editor on William Southam's Hamilton Spectator, Nichol had departed after being told he'd never be any good as a newspaperman. He ended up as Lieut.-Governor of B. C. with the Province making him $1 000 clear profit a day.

Before the Southams moved into Vancouver the seeds of an intense rivalry that has made the city a lively newspaper town had already been planted. From the first the Province announced it would grind no axe and it stayed on the fence about everything except the rival World, whose publisher, L. D. Taylor, later a perennial Vancouver mayor, had once been fired by Walter Nichol.

When the Province announced it had twice the World's circulation the World sued it for libel. When the Province stole the World's exclusive U.P. copy by hiring fast rewrite men to revamp it Taylor wrote a phony story about a tidal wave and planted a fake paper with a Province office boy. The Province smeared the spurious tale all over the front page to its own subsequent embarrassment.

Competition was so strong that the World couldn't wait for Rudyard Kipling to die but announced his demise in a late edition. Kipling dissembled the World by living for another two dozen years. When the World was finally sold it was the Province that scooped it on its own story.

Accident In Medicine Hat

The Province has had some notable scoops. In 1918 its editor Roy Brown got a tip from a CPR telegrapher that a code message to Montreal had included the symbol for "lost with all on board." This could only refer to the Princess Sofia just reported safely stranded on a rock off the Alaska Coast. In an agony of indecision Brown finally splashed the story on page one, knowing he'd have to leave town if the ship wasn't sunk. An hour after the paper appeared the CPR was still refusing comment, but Brown was right and the paper had the biggest scoop of the decade.

Years later reporter Charles Woodsworth (now editor of the Ottawa Citizen) scooped the breeches off his rivals by donning climbing boots and scaling treacherous Mount Cheam to reach a crashed CPA plane which had been lost for months. Just last year Province reporter Don McCleod and photographer Ray Munro, disguised as Stanley Park lovers, captured a sex criminal and saw him sentenced to a year in jail.

While other papers came and went the Province held a healthy lead over its rivals. Then the strike reversed positions in Vancouver and, like the Tribune, the Province finds itself second paper. It has upped its promotion budget to $150 000 a year and hired time on four radio stations but competition is tough and the paper is a good 20 000 behind its pre-strike circulation.

Setbacks of this nature notwithstanding, the Southam company is continuing to expand. In 1948 it purchased the Medicine Hat News. The Southams who at one time or another have also been in the crushed stone, real estate and department store businesses, like to say that they got into the newspaper business more or less by accident. They acquired the News in this manner. They followed these practices of never openly going out and making a paper to buy. A group of Medicine Hat businessmen came to them and asked them to take the paper over.

A few more accidents of this nature and the Southam papers will blanket Canada as effectively as William Southam's original paper, the Spectator, blankets Hamilton. ★

(This is the last of three articles on the Southam family and its newspapers.)

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

The Bureau of Audit Circulations has ruled that publishers may not continue to send magazines to subscribers after the publication has been in arrears for three issues. Subscribers are asked to send in their renewal orders promptly to avoid disappointment. Your renewal order should be mailed in as promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.



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LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

Socialists are Still Stunned

Continued from page 9

big or how tiny the load.

"That is only partially true," says Sir Stafford Cripps. "The Government is not spending this money on itself. It is in fact paying for a lot of things that you—the people—would have to pay if we did not do it for you. Take the National Health Service, for example. We pay your hospital fees, we give you free false teeth to say nothing of wigs and we pay you old age pensions as well as child allowances. This is fairer all around than in the bad old days because we take most from the people who have the most but we distribute on the basis of absolute equality."

If human beings were purely logical that would be a powerful argument, at any rate to the lower income groups. But mankind has never been logical from the day that Adam got out of sheer curiosity, took a bite at the apple.

Take for example, a healthy young man or woman. What interest have they in doctors? What is the lure of teeth or wigs to them—or the prospect of a free burial? They are young and therefore vibrant with life. They want fun and adventure. In short they want to live while the grass is green and not wait for the ice age. To them the word "security" has no more lure than the offer of a hair restorer at a reduced fee.

They want to go to the movies but Sir Stafford raises a warning finger and says he will have to exact entertainment tax to pay for the health service. They buy a package of 20 cigarettes and Sir Stafford takes exactly 200% as a tax. They may even be so irresponsible as to want a pint of beer at the pub but Sir Stafford's bony hand is on their shoulder. Wherever they turn the Treasury is at hand to exact its ounce of flesh.

In fact so huge is the tax collected on beer and tobacco that our entire Air Force Army and Navy, plus our European and overseas commitments, depend upon this revenue. Since we are in the grip of logic it might be argued that every nonsmoker or nondrinker is a traitor even though a conscientious objector. I am not certain but that a law should be passed compelling people to smoke and drink.

No Spare Cash To Risk

It is true that in this year's Budget Cripps made a small income taxation concession which would benefit the workers but, to balance this generosity, he put on extra tax on petrol. "After all, petrol is a luxury," said Douglas Jay who is second in command to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"How can you say that?" snapped the usually courteous Anthony Eden.

Private motoring does not represent 10% of the petrol used in Britain. This tax means that transport charges will increase and everybody will have to pay more in the shops!"

In fact the position of Sir Stafford and the taxpayers is rather like that of a farmer who scatters the grain for the hens to eat and then plunges among the hens to see how much of the grain he can get back before they eat it. I do not imagine that this performance is confined to Britain alone but our hens are certainly looking groggy.

It is a basic plank of Socialism that the government is a better spender of a citizen's money than the citizen himself. They say that if people had money in their pockets they would buy things and thus send up the price and cause inflation. So the Chancellor puts on purchase tax to stop you buying. In an absent-minded moment recently I ordered two suits from my tailor. When I got his bill I wrote to him that I had only bought two suits not his whole shop. But what I had really done was endow Cripps with a lot of money part of which would be returned to me in the form of a food subsidy.

The drain of taxation has become so heavy that the good old British habit of thrift has gone by the board. The National Savings movement in Britain has always been well supported but last year for the first time the withdrawals were greater than the investments—considerably greater.

Cripps explained to Parliament that this was disappointing but not serious. It could be met by the Chancellor budgeting for a surplus and thus achieving our saving for us. In other words he would take more from us than he needed for expenditure and thus we would save without knowing it.

This liquidation of private savings is, however, doing away with what is known as "risk money" for investment. A young Northcliffe or a Beaverbrook could not raise the money today to create a newspaper, nor could a Nuffield build an empire of cheap motor cars. There is still some investment money but it is for safe ventures. The gamble has been shaken out of private enterprise.

John Citizen Pays the Bill

But the biggest Socialist headache is nationalization. On paper it seemed so right that essential services and industries should be taken out of the hands of private shareholders and management and run by the State. Therefore the Socialists took over coal railways, gas, electricity and long distance road transport. If the election had not halted them they would be taking over steel, cement, insurance and sugar.

The trouble with nationalization, quite outside the sluggishness of bureaucratic management, is that the State is at once the owner and the consumer. Thus when the cost of coal rises the State-owned railroads have to raise their passenger and freight rates to pay the increased cost of State-owned coal. Under normal conditions the railways might refuse to pay more or threaten to develop diesel engines and find means of cutting down their coal consumption. The State cannot defy the State. So up goes the price of gas, electricity and rail transport because the coal mines demand more for their commodity.

As a taxpayer I am part owner of all these ventures but have I the right to protest? Parliament itself is not allowed to debate the nationalized industries for as the Socialists rightly say it would be intolerable if the boards of management had to answer to Parliament for their day to day administration.

Nor can Socialism permit any rivalry to the nationalized industries. Short-distance transport is still under private ownership and when the railway rates were raised a lot of customers turned to free enterprise road transport. Whereupon Cripps put a 33⅓% purchase tax on lorries, which is what trucks are called in England.

I do not condemn the Government for this. Nationalization cannot hope to compete with private enterprise and therefore it must have no competitors. But the plain man, our old friend John Citizen, finds that by the time he purchases something in the shops it is he who has to pay for the increased cost of coal, gas, electricity and transport—and all for the rest of the house that Socialism built.

Therefore a considerable section of the Socialist party is now for declaring a policy of no more nationalization. In



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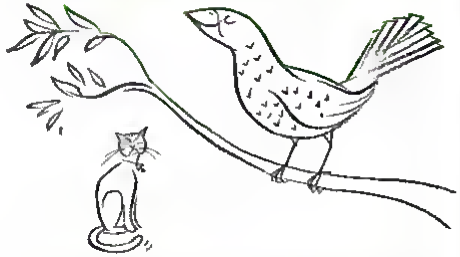
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fact the battle is raging at this moment for the Socialists are holding a conference to try and evolve an election program. But if there is to be no more nationalization of what is the purpose of Socialism? Was it for the maintenance of a State half socialized half free that the early martyrs fought?

Already one can see the changing trend in Clement Attlee's ministerial appointments. Strangers who visit Parliament to hear a debate must wonder which side is which, for the horny handed son of toil has small chance of advancement in the Labor Party of today. The rugged plain speaking trade unionist M.P.s sit on the back benches and listen to young men who have been to exclusive schools (and then to Oxford) expound the policy of the people's party.

Thus the Socialist party moves from the Left toward the centre while the Conservatives move from the Right toward the same spot. In the middle of the road stand the little band of Liberal survivors wondering at what moment they will be crushed to death by the converging forces.

The ordinary citizen looks on in bewilderment. He sees that full employment continues and he is glad. It is a comfort to him to know that sickness will never again impoverish him. He is pleased that food prices are kept down by subsidies that his children get good free meals at school and that his old-age pension is waiting for him. Above all he wants to be a human being and not a statistic.

But he has so little money to spend. His wages are bigger than ever before but wherever he turns the Chancellor is taking some of the money back. He begins to wonder if it will ever change or if this is a life sentence.

That is why Socialism is facing its biggest crisis. It has come up against the unpredictable problem of human nature which has never yet responded to regimentation without protest. I do not know the answer. Perhaps it is sufficient unto the day to state the problem. ★

This Is How Mamma Planned It

Continued from page 13

into the boys that the customer has to be satisfied.

Just as good business were the big ads the Steinbergs ran when a couple of years ago they began to fly fish from Yarmouth, N.S., to Montreal. There'd be the maritime picture of a fishing fleet setting out at 5 a.m., landing with the catch at the home port at 11 a.m. Then in the salty sunlight the Montreal-bound fish were filleted, refrigerated, put on the plane and less than 24 hours after they were hauled out of the sea they'd be in Steinberg stores selling briskly.

They have flown in strawberries, too. They tell of a woman who turned up at the Belanger Street store one day, sampled a strawberry, and declared in Prince Edward Island dialect that she knew the very patch where that berry had come from—just outside Charlottetown. For curiosity's sake Nathan tried to check on this and found out it could easily have been possible. Some of the berries had been bought from that very grower.

One January the apple market was deader than Julius Caesar. Steinberg's had encouraged the apple growers to build cold storages for their fruit. These were packed, but people didn't want apples. So the 28 Steinberg stores baked and displayed giant apple pies (later donated to hospitals or charitable groups) and offered a peeling knife of good steel free with every basket of apples. They gave away 27,000 peeling knives, which meant 27,000 58-cent baskets of apples sold, and the cold storages of Montreal emptied of their last apple.

This year the Steinbergs turned their minds to promoting the British Columbia Newton apple. They baked a giant pie again. It was 45 inches across, weighed 150 lbs. and required 10 lbs. of flour, 7 lbs. of shortening, 90 lbs. of Newton apples and 20 lbs. of sugar.

Montrealers were encouraged to bake their own pies of less heroic proportions and write to explain why they liked Newton apples to a pie. The prizes for best letters were bags full of groceries and apples. Again the crop was sold out and the storages emptied.

When the Steinbergs were looking for suitable homes for their first batch of giant pies they ran into somewhat suspicious opposition. The sisters at the Ste. Justine Hospital for Crippled Children were asked if they'd accept a pie as a treat for the kids. "What do they want us to do for it?" they asked hesitantly.

They were assured it was just a gift. Warily the nuns accepted.

Next time there were pies to give away (and ice cream to go with them) the reception at Ste. Justine's was entirely different. Buttery warm and gay.

Things are very different now for the Steinbergs from the time Sam quit school at 14 to deliver groceries for Mamma. He was a wiry small curly haired kid with a handcart and a memory which made him recall, at a Westmount party the other day, the address of an early customer.

"You used to live at 1523 Esplanade, didn't you?" he asked a fellow guest.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I delivered groceries there for you 30 years ago," said president Sam.

Carriage Trade Came By

The family lived in two rooms above 4423 Main Street where the first store, a deep and narrow little place, was located. Mamma's two maxims were cleanliness and superior goods. She was lucky having five boys.

Nathan Steinberg laughs. "Scrubbing every inch of that store with soap and water on our hands and knees every Saturday was as inevitable and unavoidable as a Saturday bath.

"Mamma," Sam said once in those early days, "you're selling those expensive French walnuts for the same price people down the street sell the cheaper kind."

"That's why people keep coming back," Mamma said.

"But where's the profit?"

"We don't lose any on them," Mamma said.

Those were the days when half the fun for a customer used to be bargaining. Thirty minutes for the sale of a pound of coffee was par on that conversational course.

"Why do you waste so much time with those people who always buy only one thing?" Sam would protest.

"They go away satisfied," said Mamma. "You must keep the customers happy."

Ida Steinberg and her sons, almost hidden by huge shopping baskets were a familiar sight at the Bonsecours market in these early Montreal mornings. The tradition of the careful Steinberg shopping and the willingness

Continued on page 44



Painted by R. H. Wood

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...Helps to control organs of balance. Quiets the nerves.

MOTHERSILL'S AIRSICK REMEDY

THE WORLD OVER

22 AT DRUGGISTS

Continued from page 42

to pay top prices for top goods bos grown with farmers to the point where these days, they wait until o Steinberg buyer appears and let him set the prices

At first by word of mauth the news about a good little shop on the Main got around. Many of the supplying farmers had relatives in the city who knew that the goods at Steinberg's were first class quality. Through the kitchens the word reached the parlors and carriage trade from Westmount began to arrive. Mamma Steinberg bought the store next door, then another one in 1926 on Bernard Avenue. By 1930 there were four Steinberg stores, deliveries were made by horse and cart, Jack and Sam were working full time and young Nathan, Max and Morris were at high school.

A Giveaway in Ottawa

'Mamma's idea was that we should work together,'' Nathan says. 'Of course, there was the normal family squabbling. Whichever of the boys got up first snatched the best shirts and ties—that sort of thing. But we've always worked together and we all still like getting together in the evenings, though we're married now and all have families.

They've based their job of selling groceries on Mamma's maxims and on research psychology and shrewd assessment of opportunity. It's paid off. Last month they opened their Queen Mary Road Store, the largest self-serve shop in Canada. American chain-store operators and observers to look at Steinberg methods. At a recent international food conference, Gerald Hasley, British head of the International Trade Bureau, judged them the world's finest merchandisers.

The Steinberg brothers, looking up from their poached eggs in the black employees' cafeteria at the Hochelaga Street warehouse any weekday noon hour, will smile modestly and say they're only trying to do their best.

Their best includes a lot of firsts in Canadian marketing. They were first to use 100% self-service in meats; first to put in a conveyor belt in getting merchandise to the cashier; first to have music piped into the stores; first to introduce a self-service coffee grinder and the day-by-day fresh eggs. Their parking lots beside the stores were an innovation in their day; their advertising is novel to the point of winning awards regularly.

Constant promotion keeps Steinberg's in the news. Sometimes these stunts have an unexpected extra twist. Such as the surprise raid to the Steinberg's cooking school in Ottawa. There were daily raffled prizes, including toasters, bags of groceries and fruit, for the housewives attending. On the fifth day two plain-clothesmen turned up. 'It's illegal,' they stated, 'to raffle for prizes.'

''Is it illegal,'' asked the Steinberg's man, 'to give them away?' The detectives didn't think it was. So the 750 women attending the class lined up and the prizes of toasters, as well as the display of groceries canned goods, flowers and fruit, were handed out. Everyone got something. It was quite legal. And it did nothing to harm the Steinberg name in Ottawa.

In 1938 the Quebec Government congratulated Steinberg's for raising the quality of egg production in the province and pointed out that Steinberg's had sold more eggs in the year than the whole Dominion had exported. This year Steinberg's will sell more than 28 million eggs.

Even in the depression years between 1931 and 1934 the Steinbergs opened 11 stores. Their program includes five new stores each year. They go about this with scientific precision. No longer will there be headaches such as the Masson Street store, which was built out upon fields which seemed a likely place for a building boom. The boom didn't materialize and for years the store was a total loss until the city finally grew around it.

Steinberg researchers now pore over a huge map of Montreal figuring on population centres and population movements. Then the construction department under Max (interviewer to Max: 'Did you study architecture?' Sam answers: 'No, he studied delivering groceries by horse and cart.') sets to work. The new Steinberg stores look like the newest movie theatres: full view aluminum-trimmed glass fronts, shiny bright façade, columnless interiors lit fluorescent-lighted pastel shades, wide aisles.

The counters are at eye level, spotless all open. The selection is based on Sam's maxim: ''The secret of self-service is that the item must be on the counter or you lose the sale.'' Each month each store manager gets a bright sales promotion booklet which advises on everything from how to stack his celery most attractively (many vegetables are packaged, all are trimmed and washed, same price) to what to expect in way of sales ('Be geared for heavy traffic—cake sales in May have always jumped 20 to 25%, ever April!').

All baked goods, meat pies, cakes (made in Steinberg's own kitchens) are dated. A day-old item is reduced by five to 20 cents.

During the war when refrigerator counters could not be exported from the U.S. the Steinbergs began to build their own. They also evolved bigger and better shoppers' carriages with a decorated child's seat attachment.

In a Steinberg store the shopper moves about to the soft strains of music while the staff, in starched uniforms, is ready to help to pack up the personally picked out order for home delivery.

The Customer Is the Boss

Sam was showing a visitor through the warehouse recently. A young man in overalls looked up at the ''Hello, Jonesy'' and greeted the president of the company with a cheerful 'Hi, Sam.' In the Steinberg laundry the Italian foreman was equally informal. ''When are our new quarters going to be ready, Sam?' With all our new stores we're getting crowded here.'

The possessive pronoun ''our'' slips out easily and is noticeable everywhere. All the more so to a visitor perhaps, because of the knowledge that friends had advised Mamma Steinberg to change her name—and she hadn't.

For their 2,000 employees, besides benefits, welfare funds and employment insurance, the Steinbergs have a night school where any who wish may complete gaps in their education. An employee who shows particular promise as a particular line may be called up by personnel manager Sidney Caplan any day. Caplan will say: ''Would you like to become a manager one day?' If you would, we'd like to shift you through various counters and give you experience in other stores in rotation, doing in English or French whichever you need and in management.''

Caplan also will tell a new employee: ''It's not only the way you talk to customers and the way you look at them that'll make them feel good and welcome—you must *want* to help them.''

The customer is boss at Steinberg's; that's how Mamma planned it. ★

Another FDR Heads For The White House

Continued from page 14

Nations had announced that she would never be a candidate for effective office. The Roosevelt-haters, who found their leadership in the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson newspapers, seemed content that Washington was safe and concentrated its effort toward tearing apart the great reputation President Roosevelt had left as his monument.

Then it happened. Sol Bloom, for 28 years representative in Congress of New York City's West Side district died in office in March 1949. Young Frank Roosevelt who had been quietly watching for an opportunity to jump into politics set up a residence in the district and announced his candidacy.

His action was regarded as a joke by the Tammany district leaders who firmly controlled the election machine. In the first place the district was predominantly Jewish and had always elected a Jewish candidate with Tammany's Democratic backing. Roosevelt's change of residence from fashionable Long Island to this middle-class section was too obvious. He was too young, too inexperienced, and his prewar reputation as a playboy was still too vivid. Tammany ignored his bid and gave the regular Democratic nomination to a popular middle-aged veteran of district politics, Municipal Court Justice Ben Shalleck.

When young Roosevelt obtained the backing of obscure groups of ratbins-ness waste which called themselves the Liberal and Four Freedoms Parties, he defied Tammany and decided to run. The betting was 15 to 1 Shalleck would win.

For seven weeks young Frank campaigned in the district from 6 a.m. to midnight. He rang every doorbell, ate innumerable corned beef sandwiches in delicatessen shops flashed the Roosevelt smile which was so remarkably like his father's at 20 street corner meetings every day, and on May 17 he confounded the well-organized opposition by winning the seat by a 2-1 margin.

Sensational repercussions flowed from this victory. On the night of his election both the New York Herald Tribune and the New York Times emblazoned the story across three columns of their front pages, overshadowing all other news. Even before the final count was in, the objective, conservative political commentators of both newspapers speculated that young Roosevelt was a strong candidate for the governorship in 1950.

A Divorce at Election Time

Within minutes of the announcement of the result Roosevelt had attracted to himself the most powerful Democratic leaders in the state men who recognized a vote getter and a bandwagon, and who saw in this tall, handsome, vigorous politician a vehicle for a trip to the White House, perhaps in '56, most certainly in '60.

One thing they knew: here was far and away the greatest natural vote getter New York State had produced since another Roosevelt moved on to the Governor's Mansion in 1928.

The Roosevelt-haters reacted as though the ghost of General Burgoyne were marching on Washington at the head of a column of Hessians. The big guns were pulled temporarily from their attack on the late President's memory and trained on the young man. In a subsequent issue of the New Yorker magazine a cartoon showed a bulbous-faced gentleman reclining uneasily on an ornate bed and a doctor beside him saying, 'Try not to dwell on it. Remember, that boy isn't in the White House yet.''

Young Frank is indeed a long way from the White House and there are heavy storm clouds gathering across the tortuous journey. He is the only Roosevelt son who was born in Canada in the family summer home at Campobello, N.B., and certain nervous Republicans have already declared him ineligible for the presidency. The U.S. Constitution states that the President must be ''a native-born citizen of the United States.''

Roosevelt's supporters consider this a hair-splitting point which in the event that he reaches the stage of presidential nomination would not be seriously entertained by his party or by his major opponents. The wording of the constitution as it applies to the circumstances of Roosevelt's place of birth would be a matter for the Supreme Court to adjudicate and political leaders are inclined to leave it at that for the time being.

Much more serious is the vulnerability of his personal life. It is traditional that a healthy happy family status is an essential condition for a successful political career. A few months ago Roosevelt was divorced by the former Ethel Dupont, mother of his two young sons, and has since married Suzanne Perrin, member of a socially prominent New York family.

It was a 'friendly' divorce and a curious one in this respect: the very political considerations which made a divorce inadvisable for an ambitious young politician also made it inevitable. The sheltered daughter of the Dupont dynasty does not care for politics or for the publicity attending it. She had long tried to dissuade her husband from entering the field. When he made his decision to run they decided that there was an unmistakable clear crossroads in their lives. While Frank was campaigning for this congressional seat Ethel slipped quietly to Nevada and established residence.

Badly Wounded on the Atlantic

The news leaked before voting day. That it did not harm Roosevelt at the polls does not dispose of the problem. It will doubtless rise to haunt him when he reaches the state and national arenas. Nor will the public, as often prodded by the changing marital status of the other Roosevelts, especially by the antics of brother Elliott, quickly forget.

F.D.R. Jr. is no longer a playboy. Whether or not he has outgrown the urge he no longer has the time. Besides his duties as a member of the House of Representatives he is a senior partner in the huge law firm of Poletti, Diamond, Roosevelt, Freidin and Markey. Speaking engagements take up all of his spare time. But he is handsome, young, vigorous, wealthy, and he has not been seen in a nightclub in many months.

Most serious of all his political handicaps is the solid smarting enmity of powerful factions which he inherited from his father. Men with great followings and wide access to public attention have dedicated their careers to the ruin of the Roosevelt name, and this includes not only the widow of the late President but all his children. These men have formed themselves into a counter-cult to the millions who revere the memory of F.D.R. The attack is pushed unceasingly in Congress, in the Press, on the radio, and there is no limit to its virulence.

A recent series of articles sought to show without the wide, shadowy libel laws of this country that the late Press-

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DID YOU "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?

dent and even Mrs Roosevelt were of dubious moral character A substantial part of the current congressional investigation into Communist influences in the State Department was motivated by an effort to discredit Roosevelt A casual review of these attacks must lead one to believe—preposterous as it may seem—that the ultimate aim of the Roosevelt-haters is to prove that Franklin Roosevelt was literally a Kremlin secret agent during his term of office

Young Frank is highly conscious of this campaign He has suffered It a long time During the war when all four Roosevelt sons were in uniform one member duty young Frank was executive officer on a destroyer in the North Atlantic He was critically wounded in one engagement When he returned to consciousness in the ship's hospital his first words were "This is going to disappoint a lot of people They won't be satisfied until one of us gets killed"

In spite of these handicaps he has been selected by shrewd practical politicians as a man who is likely to be a Democratic candidate for the White House before he reaches 45 The secret lies in his personality which is hardly less powerful than that of his father and in some respects more engaging

He is four inches over six feet he speaks well has associates describe his mind as quick and shrewd he is ambitious and having been brought up in an atmosphere of high level politics, he knows how to accept advice and from whom to seek it.

Most importantly he recognizes the changes which have taken place in the American scene during the past 20 years changes which demand a different attitude from that which guided his father to success

A veteran Democratic leader one who knew the late President throughout his career recently told his associates "Young Frank? Right now he is a much better politician than his father was at 35—a much, much better politician"

Mr Roosevelt With the Beef

I knew the late President as well as a White House correspondent is able to know the President From autumn of 1939 to summer of 1942 I attended the twice a week Press conferences of the grey handsome aristocratic Roosevelt I saw him surrounded by his cabinet by the regal standards of his great office I was there when Churchill sat beside him in late December of 1941 I watched him from the gallery of the House when he came to Capitol Hill on December 8 of that year to ask for a declaration of war I studied the weariness that grew on his lined face in the troubled months of Dunkirk and the Middle East I felt I knew him

The first time I met F D R, Jr., was on a cold blustery night in January of 1948 The contrast between father and son both shocked and intrigued me

It was a Saturday night. I was weekending in the Connecticut country home of a New York friend Dinner had ended and we were playing gin rummy in the card room

My host said Young Frank Roosevelt may come in tonight He promised me some chickens and beef from his farm For my deep freeze you know Just in case the bomb drops and we're marooned"

Presently the butler appeared and said Mr Roosevelt has arrived

We went out to the driveway A cotton truck had been backed against the delivery entrance A giant of a young man bare headed clad in slacks and a leather windbreaker, was commuting between the back of the truck and the kitchen, carrying great slabs of beef on his shoulders He stopped to say hello breathed on his hands to keep them warm and shouldered another load of beef

My host said "Come on in and have a drink, Frank The kitchen help can unload the truck"

"Hell no" replied the Roosevelt scion who had driven the truck 30 miles from his Long Island home "It's too damned cold for your hot house help I'll get this stuff unloaded in a jiffy"

This was late at night deep in the hills of Connecticut There were no potential voters around no audience This was not an act. This was the nature of the man his enemies are trying to label a playboy a pampered son, an aristocrat.

We stayed up most of that night, young Frank and I We talked about everything that came to our minds—politics the world, Russia sports ourselves and life generally And when I went to bed hours later I felt I knew the point which made young Frank different from his father the point which has sparked the meteoric political career on which he has embarked

In a word it is this: President Roosevelt loved *the people* Young Frank loves people

For all his advanced, often radical political ideas President Roosevelt was himself a *grand seigneur*, an aristocrat and historian who recognized the end of one era and the possibilities of a new one and mediated himself to bring reality to that new era He succeeded of course handsomely He has been likened to George Washington and there is more merit than idle sentiment in this comparison Washington was an English aristocrat who had nothing in common with the rabble that marched against George III nothing, that is, except a sense of history which the common revolutionaries lacked and which gave leadership and purpose to the movement

The Roosevelt of 1932 gave leadership and purpose to the new economic yearnings of the discouraged depressed ridden Americans of that year But until the day he died he remained a *grand seigneur* accepting naturally naval capes and band flourishes and all the trappings of office He loved *the people* and the great masses of *the people* loved him but there was always a gulf clearly visible between them

It cannot be said that young Frank is trading on his father's reputation The name helps of course it conjures affection and trust in millions of voters But young Frank's personality and actions are a negation of the atmosphere his father created they are an advance a new political concept There is no gulf between him and his constituents He loves people

He Knows What He Doesn't Know

Perhaps unwittingly he pointed up the difference between him and his father last summer when he addressed a convention of the United Auto Workers in Cleveland His father used to say at such meetings (I had heard him say it many times) "My friends I am glad to be here" Before the U A W last summer young Frank got up and began "I am not only glad to be here.. I *belong* here"

High-level politics in the United States is the biggest, shrewdest, most complicated business on earth The stakes are enormous the enmities implacable and the stab in the back a standard procedure to be used on the unwary Young Frank has the advantage of knowing how much he doesn't know about the whole fantastic game

To advise him on what has already become a colorful and stormy tossed career he has gathered about him a "cabinet" of shrewd practical men. His closest personal adviser the man who urged him to take the step which brought him into politics, is his senior law partner Milton Diamond a brilliant and fabulous figure in his own right Founder and head of a law office which associates more than 40 lawyers Diamond has remained in the background by habit and preference although he has masterminded a great many of the most celebrated issues of the day

On matters of political strategy Roosevelt consults Edward J Flynn Democratic Leader of the Bronx and a member of the late President's campaign machine from 1928 until 1944 Flynn is a master of machine politics and election tactics Senator Herbert H Lehman, who was Lieut Governor of New York under Franklin Roosevelt is another of the young man's close advisers.

A few weeks ago Roosevelt announced he would not enter for this year's New York governorship race. This is the treadmill which leads to the White House but Roosevelt has decided probably on Flynn's advice that the time is not yet ripe He has a 10 year advantage over any other presidential possibility He has many personal and political handicaps to overcome and the time to overcome them He is ambitious but not impatient

Even if he stands by his decision not to contest the governorship (he may of course be drafted as a gubernatorial candidate) Frank Roosevelt must go to the electors again this fall in any event since the whole House faces re-election in November

If he ever becomes the first Canadian born President of the U S it will be only after a spectacular and vicious fight In the present climate of the U S the great game of politics is no longer a game ★

The Vassar Girl From Saskatoon

Continued from page 17

up a term paper stenographically "She was confused about one critical method of work here" said Ebbie Jo "The dean explained to her our method of going to the sources and thinking for one's self In cases of plagiarism the Vassar governance code provides that the offender's other instructors shall be warned But Dean Tait just threw the rules out the window She said 'We'll trust the student and not embarrass her with her other instructors'"

Dean Tait's own philosophy for getting along with students is "Honesty conveys itself very quickly to young people You do not make up their minds for them You help them to make up their own You can't be phony about it They know right away If you are on the level with them you can afford to make mistakes

Dean Tait's secretary is Jane Knight a blond English girl who applied for the job when Tait was appointed Mrs Knight was invited to be interviewed by the dean in the Vassar Club in New York "It was a steaming day in August Mrs Knight recalls I was slowly melting as I sat picturing what the dean would be like a large starched dragon no doubt I saw this cool-looking type come in and my heart sank I thought There is the one who'll get the job She came over to me and said 'I'm Marion Tait' We talked clothes, smoked cigarettes and interrupted each other a good deal Two days later she offered me the job and said 'I've hesitated because I wondered what they would think if a Canadian and an Englishwoman turned up at once But shall we risk it?'" The invasion was an instant success Vassar is a worldly place there were seven Canadians and a Hawaiian in the first class of '47

Miss Tait's first surprise at Vassar was to find that the dean rated a twelve-room house a handsome brick Georgian pile just off campus "I had been living in two rooms for so long I swore I'd never be burdened with furniture or books," she says

"You'd be surprised what it takes just to furnish a kitchen" Two years later the dean's residence is almost completely fitted out although there are some remote chambers the dean and her housekeeper Mrs Geneve Norton, just forget about

The pine-panoled study is the most-used room The built in bookshelves are almost full of the books Tait swore she'd never have—much poetry, shelf after shelf of Greek and Latin classics and a wide range of contemporary novels and reporting Her phonograph record shelf has aore of Beethoven Mozart and Brahms two albums of Susan Reed's folk songs and an occasional academic touch by the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street

Housekeeper Norton is the undisputed chief of the Tait fan club "When I came" said Mrs Norton "the dean said to me 'You take this house and make a home out of it If I do something around the house she never fails to notice it If I forget to do something she never mentions it I never knew her to be cross Oh dear I hope nothing happens to her"

No Discrimination Against Males

For a couple of hectic months before Mrs Norton came the dean had to do her own housework after a 16-hour day on campus She cooked her favorite steaks roast chicken and roast beef During this time the dean's mother came for a visit from Preston Ont. and immediately pitched in to run the house "Now Mother," said Tait, acting for once the way a dean should act, "you came here for a rest You are absolutely not to do any housework" The order stuck

Harry Howe Ransom a young bachelor who teaches political science—a quarter of the Vassar faculty are men—is on several committees with the dean Ransom says she is very broad minded and doesn't discriminate against the helpless male minority He attended faculty open house at the dean's place recently and stayed two hours without seeing the hostess It turned out that the dean was upstairs throughout her reception, talking long distance to a troubled parent However Tait did manage to attend the junior prom this year Ebbie Jo Tate reported 'She wore a ravishing green evening gown and spent the evening dancing with the prom chairman's date"

Marion Tait's wardrobe leans to suits and sweaters She has a dressmaker in New York who dreams up special numbers delicately balanced between high fashion and the conservative touch people still expect of a dean Jane Knight went along to a fitting and commented on a new frock "Marion, I love it. It's not at all academic." Tait said "Why thank you Jane That's the nicest thing you could say"

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The Vassar faculty committee which picked Marion Tait out of 200 candidates for the deanship had somewhat unusual qualifications in mind. One of the committee members said, "There are places that turn out deans ready made but the students wanted a young woman. The faculty wanted a teacher and scholar and the administration wanted an administrator. They don't turn this type out in dean factories." Tait met the requirements although she had never held a top administrative job. The faculty was charmed with her personal history.

She was born in Saskatoon in 1911 of an English mother and a Scottish father who died in the 1918 flu epidemic. The young widow boarded Marion and her baby brother with an uncle in Kitchener, Ont., and went to work as a Toronto department store clerk. The dean laughingly admits that she was a problem child. She raised hell all over Kitchener and she was fond of running away. She once joined a passing parade to see the world and was fetched home by the cops. Years later Marion visited her harassed uncle when he was confined in Seaforth, Ontario, Scotland. The old gentleman said, "Whoever would have thought you'd turn out to be a lady?"

Nights with D. H. Lawrence

When she was in high school in Galt, Ont., the Tait versatility asserted itself while editing the school paper and captaining the girls' athletic team she passed her senior matriculation exams with 13 firsts. This brought a large portfolio of scholarships, including one from the IODE, and a proud civic farewell as she set out for Victoria College, University of Toronto.

"As an undergraduate," she says candidly, "I belonged to a group that considered itself intellectual, radical and sophisticated. We were superficious about athletics and sat up all night talking about T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence and Freud." But she was on the ice hockey team.

She stayed at Victoria as an instructor to win her M.A. Then came a fellowship at Bryn Mawr, a leading women's college in Pennsylvania, which sent her to the American Academy in Rome in 1937 for her Ph.D.

She taught classics at Bryn Mawr and Sweet Briar in Virginia, where she took up fly fishing. Before coming to Vassar she was seven years at Mt. Holyoke, in South Hadley, Mass., another of the big seven women's colleges. The Vassar selection committee noted that she advanced from instructor to assistant professor and increased the enrollment in elementary Greek from two to 10 students while at Mt. Holyoke.

Evelyn Clark, a witty little Vassar history instructor, who helped pick Tait, says, "We heard what a good job she did at Mt. Holyoke in revising the curriculum. We had just gone through a siege of changes here and there were a lot of strings still untied. We had just gone back to a four year curriculum after operating on a three year accelerated basis during the war. We had just gone from the five-and-a-half to the five-day week. Three were faculty hangovers about these changes which had been made by majority vote. Morton came into a highly charged situation. She sat quietly at faculty meetings and did not plunge in to run the show. She refused to find which faculty people stood for which plan. She was tactful and got on with everyone with her cool balanced mind and pleasant warmth. When she did speak she carried conviction."

Vassar's biggest academic problem is now being tackled by the dean: how much natural science is required by the well educated woman? In this science-obsessed era Vassar hasn't yet found how much physics and/or biology it should require and how it will correlate (Vassar's favorite word) with its already imposing social science curricula. The dean is thinking over new approaches, which will integrate the sciences and the humanities.

Dean Tait is proud of Vassar's long record of complete academic freedom. Students and faculty people are encouraged to make up their own minds and act on them, even if that includes open affiliation with unpopular political movements. Aware of the growing attack on academic freedom in American colleges Tait says, "Vassar will stick by its guns to the last."

The idea of the place is expressed by the term "Vassar citizenship." It is one of the few colleges which has no restrictive quota for Jewish or Negro students. Entrance is strictly competitive and family wealth is no help. One girl in five is on a scholarship, all of which, by the way, are open to Canadian girls, more of whom Dean Tait would be pleased to see enrolling at Vassar. There are a dozen Canadian students at Vassar now and about 100 alumnae. In fact the first Dean of Vassar then called the Lady Principal was a Montreal schoolmarm named Hannah W. Lyman.

Vassar girls are encouraged to study the sources. The college is anti-textbook and does not believe in passing out cut-and-dried ideas, but rather giving students all the data and getting them to think. College boys arriving for week-end dates at Vassar are likely to be met and taken to the handsome Gothic library to amuse themselves while their girl friends finish up some reading. A West Point flunkey was taken so often to a Saturday morning Shakespeare class that he took the final examination and passed it. Vassar even has male students—the remnant of 100 ex-servicemen who were hospitably enrolled after the war by a college which likes to break stuffy traditions.

Vassar's bemused customs serve to banish dressing up competition among the girls. Cars are not allowed—millions of bicycles are. Rooms and roommates are drawn by lot according to seniority, and everyone pays the same $3,600 a year fee for tuition, room, board and extracurricular activities. As a private school without government aid Vassar has the usual faculty salary problems.

The students help the college on its fund raising committees and are invited each year to hear the budget read and discuss it. "At Vassar," an undergraduate said, "committees go on forever."

Vassar is identified popularly with its famous daisy chain, carried by packed sophomores to honor the seniors during commencement week. Even the daisy chain is not a sacred tradition. Jean Wharton, the black-eyed president of the student music society, says, "The daisy chain may be nice, but I think it stinks. Those daisies cost $50 and we could use the money for something more useful."

Dean Tait can listen to hair-raising subversive statements like this without batting a grey eye. The girls don't treat her like a dean. Marion Tait has found that this is the best technique for dealing.

Her watchword is availability. Jane Knight says, "Day or night anybody with a real problem can see Mrs. Tait. And I might tell you they do. Once we had a miraculous afternoon with nothing in the date book. A man came to end said 'I don't have any problem. My daughter has no problem. I just want to meet the dean she is always talking about.' That took 40 minutes, then seven other people came in."

Vassar's 15,000 graduates since 1867 may be a drop in the educational bucket but the drop has been like a bicarbonate tablet fizzing around in the bucket. Recently two economics instructors surveyed 7,613 graduates to find out what they had become. The average product proved to be a Republican Episcopalian mother of two active in the affairs of a small eastern U.S. community and administering a family income of more than $5,000.

The pollsters were startled by this prosaic statistical picture—she did not sound like Vassar at all. They went over the questionnaires again to find how many graduates fit the average. They couldn't find a woman among the 7,613 who did. ★



"Call me back in the morning — no tree dies overnight, Madame."

Painless Childbirth — Sometimes

Continued from page 7

severely jolting her roommate who had been waiting for the stretcher table.

The final flamboyant touch of Mrs. Pigott walking back to her room impresses laymen more than it does the medical profession. In theory it is possible for any woman to walk away from a normal delivery in practice it is only encouraged in cases of fire or flood.

She wanted a natural childbirth, smiled her obstetrician, Dr. Gordon Chambers. "I figured the might as well have all the trimmings."

"It must be understood," he cautioned a few days after the delivery, "that Mrs. Pigott is an unusually determined woman. If she decided it wouldn't hurt for me to cut off her leg then she'd have me do it without an anaesthetic and it wouldn't hurt. She is by no means an average patient."

Mrs. Pigott and the hundreds of women who have anaesthetic only for the actual delivery of their babies are not to be confused with heroes who gallantly refuse the blindfold when facing the firing squad. Women who have studied the method thoroughly, who have in some cases trained under an instructor and in all cases believe wholeheartedly that it is possible actually suffer no labor pains.

That First Breath Thrill

The theory that having a baby won't hurt if you relax was first advanced by Dr. Grantly Dick-Read in a book "Childbirth Without Fear." The method known professionally as physiological labor or natural childbirth, is based on the mother having intimate knowledge of the mechanics of birth plus a fair skill in the art of relaxing. The former precludes fear of having a child which Read claims causes the pain and the latter helps the process of birth along.

Read's method is used most extensively in England, where it was introduced and during the past three years has been adapted experimentally on this continent by Yale University, which has set up a clinic in a New Haven hospital where all maternity patients are trained for natural childbirth.

The excitement of witnessing birth the logic of Read's explanation of labor pains, the thrill of watching their baby take its first breath combine to excite and challenge women who are bearing children. In addition there is the inalienable appeal to the ham in all women to do something unusual and cause a small flurry.

Pain is fear, says Read. The more frightened you are the more painful your labor will be. Your fear makes you tense, your muscles tighten to fight against the uterus which is gamely contracting, trying to get the baby started down the birth canal. The uterus is only a muscle doing its duty—it doesn't hurt to flex the muscle in your arm and it shouldn't hurt to use any muscle in the body. If you relax and let the uterus perform its natural function there will be no pain.

While maybe one woman in every five who visits an obstetrician this year will have heard of the Read method, very few—about one in 50—will ask their doctors to permit them to have a baby without an anaesthetic.

Most doctors flatly refuse, others gauge the patient's determination, point out their objections and eventually agree. "Why shouldn't I let them?" commented one specialist candidly. "I'm a gynaecologist too and if enough women have natural childbirth my old age will be secure."

Nature, a Heedless Obstetrician

The medical profession in this country with few exceptions, feels that natural childbirth will injure a woman. When a woman goes through a birth without anaesthetic the doctor is not able to perform what is called an episiotomy. This is the cut made at the opening of the vagina the instant before the baby emerges. By enlarging that opening at the crucial moment the great strain is removed from the fragile walls of the birth canal.

With a Read natural childbirth mother this cut cannot be done. It requires an anaesthetic which violates the mother's principles or a local freezing with a hypodermic injection which is nearly impossible to administer properly to a perspiring woman who is within minutes of seeing her baby. The result is that the woman may possibly have a jagged tear which doesn't mend as well as a straight clean cut, or the walls of her vagina may be weakened. The Yale clinic is keeping careful case histories of its mothers to discover if this is true, but since the damage sometimes isn't evident for 20 years this point is not likely to be cleared up in the near future.

"Frankly nature is a heedless obstetrician," observes Dr. Marion Hillard, one of Canada's outstanding women doctors. "I'm only concerned with getting the baby out and it doesn't care about the mother. There have been cases where a woman had only one big pain and pushed her baby right out. I had one such patient and I had to do 23 stitches inside her."

According to Dr. Hillard almost half a gynaecologist's practice is made up of repairing organs injured during childbirth. The proportion will decrease as we get into the generation of women who have had the advantages of modern obstetrics, she believes. "As long as they don't return to nature again."

Although she believes that in the final moments of the birth process a local anaesthetic must be administered, Dr. Hillard is one of the handful of Women's College Hospital doctors who are otherwise enthusiastic about Read. She has the book in her waiting room and even patients who are tolerated to take a course in relaxing. It has been proven to us here that Read is most beneficial to women in labor, she comments.

It was proven by Dorothy Medgett, a self-styled intelligent woman in her late 20's, the only person in Canada who teaches Read's method. After the war, when she was discharged from the Army, she took her diploma as a teacher of medical electricity at the University of Toronto and started to lecture medical students there on diathermy and kindred subjects. At the same time the Canadian Physiotherapy Association received permission at Women's College Hospital to instruct prenatal clinic patients in relaxing to make their labor easier.

Madgett was asked to undertake this as well and, when the birth rate of women who went into the delivery room calmly knitting became a stream, doctors in the hospital began to take notice. They noticed that women who were able to relax during their labor had a much shorter labor than women who writhed and fussed.

The exercises Dorothy Madgett emphasizes in her course teach breathing and relaxing. During the hearing-down period of labor it is enormously helpful to take a deep breath at the top of each bearing down. The rhythm of this "deep breath now push" is taught women repetitiously long before they go to hospital.

The expectant mothers, grinning a little self consciously, come to Madgett's classroom once a month beginning in their fifth month of pregnancy. There they lie on blankets on the floor while she stands over them and in a singsong soporific voice lulls them into relaxing. "Let yourselves go, let everything go. Be heavy all over. You're so heavy so heavy. Now the floor is trying to lift you but you're a dead weight and you're going to hold it down."

Her eyes flirk along the row of women to their drawstring maternity dresses. "Let your mouths fall open," she says softly. "It takes a separate muscle to hold your mouth closed. Let it go too."

What If They Yell After All?

Last winter Madgett had three patients who had obtained their doctors' permission to have their babies without anaesthetic. The woman who was expecting first, Mrs. Mary Mark, had what is known as primary inertia, a condition in which the contractions are weak and far apart right until the end. After 48 hours of weak contractions she was too exhausted to deliver the baby herself and was given spinal anaesthetic. This serves to emphasize that Read's method can only be applied in cases of normal labor.

In Mrs. Pigott's case she suffered a minute tear in her vagina, precisely the thing that doctors fear will happen if there is no episiotomy.

Delivering Mrs. Pigott didn't change my mind one bit about natural childbirth," says her doctor, Gordon Chambers. "I think it is a mistake for a woman to have her first baby that way. In later years it is entirely probable that she'll be coming back for repairs. I can see its distinct value for later and possibly for women who have already had one or two babies, but not for first babies."

Most significantly, physiotherapist Madgett is in complete agreement. After watching Mrs. Pigott," she said recently, "I don't think I'd have my first baby without an anaesthetic."

At the Yale clinic anaesthetic is made available to any woman in labor who desires it, but to date only 8% of the women who trained for natural childbirth have requested gas.

NEXT ISSUE

We Had a Niagara Falls Honeymoon

By June Callwood and Trent Frayne

How can you tell a honeymooner at the Falls? To find out, Maclean's asked two of its writers to spend their honeymoon at the resort. Their report is lively, amusing and revealing.

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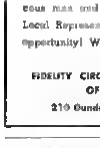
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What of those mothers whose methods carefully followed through principles need eagerly anticipated natural birth rarely to fall short in the least measure? Will they suffer from guilt complexes? Toronto psychologist Reva Gerstein thinks it likely they will.

"It seems probable that a woman who trains to have her baby without anaesthesia tells her friends about it and then suffers pain and has to yell for gas the old-fashioned way will suffer from a feeling of guilt and inadequacy that could cause a great deal of horm" she says.

This point is doubted by women like Mrs. Cherie Davidson a young Brampton Ont., mother who read Read's book a year ago and trained herself in relaxing. She went right through labor without any sedation until the baby was ready to emerge.

"Toward the end I got nervous," she told friends later. "I hated to go right through without knowing what a labor pain was like so I stopped relaxing and let myself have a pain. It hurt like a son of a gun. After that I didn't get curious any more."

Dr. Frank O'Leary, Toronto obstetrician, who delivered Mrs. Davidson's baby for a colleague who was out of town, was astounded. "I walked in and this woman was lying on the delivery table perfectly relaxed and calm. I figured either she was full of sedative or had no business being out of the labor room but when I examined her I discovered she was in the last stages of labor. She argued about it, but we gave her gas and put her down right away."

Another woman who read "Childbirth Without Fear" only casually decided to try it when her labor started. She relaxed so magnificently that she kept falling asleep in the labor room and she concluded sorrowfully in her waking moments that either she was not having labor at all or else it was going to be a long slow haul.

An interne who heard from the nurses that she had refused a sedative dropped by to discuss the Read system with her and in the course of their conversation he started to examine her. "Nurse!" he yelped. "Rush this woman into the delivery room!"

"The baby was right there and I didn't even know it," the woman said afterward. "I hadn't bothered reading what to do in the final stages because I thought I'd never get that far so I didn't know what to do next. I've been studying though, next baby I'll be all set." ★

How Gold Thieves Get Away With Millions

Continued on page 5

and B. C. mines are robbed of another million. One B. C. high grader was stopped at the Blaine, Washington, custom station carrying $55,000 in a single shipment. But police cases in recent years have accounted only to the apprehension of individual miners with small quantities of illegal gold. Yet, as one mining official said recently: "Fire a shotgun down the main street of Timmins or Val d'Or and it's even odds you'll hit half a dozen high-graders."

In Timmins before World War II high grading grew so open that a public enquiry was held to investigate the police department. Two self-confessed high graders, speaking under court protection, told an astounding story. They'd been picked up by police they said, after buying $800 worth of gold. The police took the gold but instead of jailing them sent them away. Next morning the police told them that the stuff was actually brass and told them to get out of town. Both testified they were positive they'd purchased gold.

Two other angry high graders told the enquiry that they'd been driving to the east end of town when a police car forced them to the curb. The officers seized their gold but made no arrests, telling them instead to "beat it out of town." Though nothing conclusive came out of the investigation there were some radical changes in the Timmins police department, which has been free of scandal or the suspicion of scandal since the shakeup took place.

Gold Under Their Armpits

An equally fishy occurrence took place at about the same time when high-grade detective Bob Allen—a man unique in criminal annals—raided a high grader who was keeping a rendezvous with a buyer from Southern Ontario. Allen was astonished to find the two criminals being battered with billies by two men in uniform. When the slaughter was halted it was found the pair had an official search warrant from the police department, official bonded rifle, official revolvers, even standard police issue billies. They had broken in saying they were police officers and when the high grader refused to turn over the gold they went to work with the clubs. Both got long penitentiary terms.

Today a revitalized Ontario provincial police team is stepping up the hunt for high grading and keepers. Two men were arrested in early June in a Toronto rooming house—a suspicious aloof ceiling when ripped open disgorged a hoard of gold dust, buttons and high grade ore, plus weighing scales and a mold.

High graders operate at various levels. Some are miners who pound the ore out of the ground and quietly smuggle it out of the mine. Others operate in the mill where the ore is ground up, snatching it from conveyor belts as it is whisked by. Others are refinery workers who steal it in granulated form when it's being melted down. The most spectacular form of high grading is gold brick thievery, but it is rare. Including the recent Dufferin coup there have been only three brick robberies in 30 years.

The whole racket depends on the small miners within the industry. Recently, when the president of a big mine went north to attend a board meeting, the parish priest phoned him. Some men in the parish had shamefacedly told him they had been stealing gold. They wanted to pay it back but how to explain this change of heart to their bosses? The mine president, a Catholic himself, was flabbergasted. He agreed the bosses wouldn't understand. "Just tell them not to do it any more," he told the priest.

Men like these bring gold out of the mines by the use of every stratagem human ingenuity can devise. It is carried in specially built false teeth, in false bottoms of lunch pails, within bars of soap inside plugs of tobacco and hand rolled cigarettes and within the body openings. Some simply carry it in their hands or under their armpits, as they pass through a shower room completely naked, leaving their work clothes on one side and picking up their street clothes on the other. Their lunch pails travel across the change room—customarily called a "dry"—on a conveyor belt subject to police scrutiny.

The individual miners usually sell their smuggled gold to a buyer-refiner for $12.50 an ounce. This man usually works in a small shack back in the bush for the refining process gives off a foul odor. The illicit refining is generally done over a coke fire in a Quebec heater. The ore is pulverized with mortar and pestle, then refined in a crucible. The finished product usually takes the shape of a small muffin, called a "button."

The possession of refining equipment has been a criminal offense since 1927. Last summer a miner at Buffalo Ankerite was caught with a small electric furnace which could be plugged into the wall. In court he claimed it wouldn't work. A mine technician testified it worked fine. The miner went to jail.

When the illegal gold is refined it passes into the hands of a more sinister group—the ring of Canadian and U.S. criminals who ultimately dispose of it. They'll pay the refiner up to $28 an ounce for the refined product.

Sometimes members of the ring make buying forays to the mines but most frequently the gold is carried by hired runners often by women.

In 1927 Bob Allen, high grading's super sleuth, led an investigation which uncovered $5,000 in gold in a brassiere worn by a Montreal jeweller's wife. The jeweller had bought the gold from a Timmins businessman and hidden it in his wife's bosom. When Allen raided the Timmins man's premises he found $30,000 in gold buried in a hole in the yard. In a safe was the cash the jeweller had paid and two loaded pistols.

Sudden Death in Buffalo

Guns and high-grading go hand in hand. The international smugglers who control high grading are thugs who rule by fear. At least four unsolved murders have been tied in with the racket. A fifth appears to be connected with it. In addition several persons thought to be involved in high-grading have vanished without a trace.

Frank De Luca, a known high-grader, was stabbed and restabbed in the stomach and left to bleed to death in his home near the Matteperot River three years ago. Antonio Cechi knew De Luca had either double crossed someone in the racket or hangers-on had tried to rob him. Cached in a wall in his house was $1,100 in gold.

Honest, blundering Harry Palmer, a farmhand was bludgeoned to death in 1938 on a farm near Golden City, about three miles east of Dome mine. Refinery equipment was found on the farm. Police believe he stumbled upon high-graders refining their ore.

Joe Basil, a former Timmins restaurant keeper, was shot to death on a Buffalo street in 1921 just as detective Bob Alleo was concluding a major roundup of the racket. Basil was the final link to a long chain connecting Canadian gold mines with U.S. gangsters.

Another man, Harry Kedeckel who figured in the same high grading roundup was beaten to death in Timmins in 1945.

In Welland last winter taxi operator Sam Delabaum was found in a field, his head battered in. His name was a familiar one to the special squad of Ontario provincial police which fights high grading. Their report said he had been connected with the racket in Kirkland Lake where he'd accumulated enough to buy a half interest in a hotel at Fort Erie, border transfer point for gold. Sam's old associates think he crossed up someone in the racket.

The return of the 10% premium on U.S. dollars last fall was enthusiastically received by the high grading fraternity. It means that gold smuggled across the border is worth that much more. Much of the stolen gold actually winds up in the U.S. Treasury at Fort Knox. Fronts in the form of 'old gold dealers' pick it up, sell it to the U.S. Government. Phony mining companies usually located in the western states, also peddle it. But the bulk of Canada's stolen gold winds up in Europe.

The average person in a mine town is curiously aroused about the racket. In the Army the troops used to scrounge what they could. "It's the same here," one miner said. "The gold is there in the ground and it's owned by thousands of shareholders who are far away. Most high graders could tell you a creek if you stole an apple from a fruit store window. But they reason that mining is dangerous work and if a miner is willing to risk the consequences, why shouldn't he try to grab the odd ounce or two?"

A Gold Brick Simply Vanished

So, whenever blasting opens up veins where the gold stands out as in a jewelry store window, the mines' private police force immediately posts a guard over the area. At Aunor mine police guarded one rich showing for two weeks this spring.

The best pickings are at new mines. Some infant mines with no security arrangements yet set up have almost been put out of business by high graders. A year ago officials of the Porcupine Mine Workers' Union rushed out to Porcupine Reef mine, a new producer, to protest the summary firing of an entire crew working a drift. Union spokesmen walked off the pre party with red faces when the management proved the whole gang had been high-grading.

The theft of a gold brick from McIntyre Porcupine Mine refinery in 1921 forms a curious tale. It disappeared while still warm in its mold while the crew was at supper. Police were baffled.

About three months later a man named Cechi left town and went to Italy. His wealth astounded his neighbors who wrote back to mention in the Porcupine camp. Mine investigators contacted the Italians who raided Cechi's home and uncovered half the missing brick. The Italians jailed Cechi for smuggling and confiscated the brick. Later two of his henchmen were arrested in the Porcupine with parts of the other half of the brick. They went to the Penitentiary.

Exactly how the brick was taken from the refinery was never disclosed. Best guess was that it had been picked up in the refinery by someone wearing asbestos gloves and tossed out of the window.

Once provincial police at Timmins caught the caretaker of their own building with two large bags of high grade in the basement. One individual tried to sell high grade to none other than Sgt. Russell Johnson, head of Ontario's provincial police gold squad, in a beer parlor there took the sergeant home to show him how much he had.

Bob Allen's exploits as the "private eye" of the gold mining industry are legendary. When received a man is a major high grader he makes a veritable pantomime of capturing him with the goods. His cause is the Porcupine Camp as a provincial policeman in 1915 and was hired a few years later by the mining association as a special investigator. Today he still does special assignments for the industry. Allen is a six footer with ruddy chubby cheeks when he smiles he might be mistaken for the president of a small town ministerial association. But his guileless blue eyes take on an agate quality when he gets onto his favorite subject, the theft of gold. He has outmanoeuvred the craftiest of high graders.

Allen's biggest coup came in 1921 when he broke up a ring extending from Timmins to Hamilton to Buffalo. Before he struck, he did two years of preliminary detective work.

The denouement came when a high grade runner left Timmins to make two deliveries in Toronto. Through agents he had planted in the ring—Allen doesn't like to call them stool pigeons—he knew the runner's schedule to the last minute. At Toronto he called on two city detectives for aid, set up a watch a short distance down the street from a store on Queen Street West.

The runner appeared, entered the store, presently emerged. The detectives were walking quickly toward the store when the operators reckoned moving in their direction. He looked up, saw the trio bearing down upon him, fled back into the store.

"He wasn't quick enough," Allen says with a grin. "We found him with his hand wedged into his hip pocket. The buttes of gold was so big he couldn't get it out in time." Allen's next move was to troll the man's runner to the Parkdale railway station in West Toronto. The runner put into a car with a Hamilton jeweller and drove to Sunnyside amusement park. Allen grabbed them as they drove out of the park. He found the gold on the jeweller.

Next he put on the phone to Timmins ordered that warrants be executed on 14 persons whose names he got from informers. Twelve of those persons were town merchants (including a restaurant owner, a clothing salesman, a hotelman) and all were subsequently convicted.

The final wave of the day was to Hamilton to the restaurant of Joe Basil on James Street. Allen's informers was that Basil was the deliverman for a group of international criminals who operated on illegal refinery in Buffalo. The process used Basil's wife alone in the restaurant. She said her husband was expected to return that evening. At almost the identical moment Basil was shot to death on a Buffalo street. His confederates probably believed he was responsible for the leakage which led to the detection and smashing of the highly lucrative ring.

On another occasion Allen's curiosity about a Toronto jeweller's frequent trips to Haileybury led to the smashing of a ring working out of Kirkland Lake. Twice a month the Toronto man took the Saturday night train north took it back again Sunday. Allen decided to go back on the train. He followed the jeweller to his store on Church Street. The jeweller hunted when Allen found illegal gold in his possession.

When the jeweller revived he said he had bought the gold from a Hedley bury man whom he thought was a legitimate mining rancher. It turned out the "mining man" was the front for a group which confessed to robbing Kirkland Lake Gold Mines Ltd. of $50,000.

In Kirkland Lake about that time one of Allen's undercover operators walked out of a hotel room on a routine matter and was scheduled to return within an hour. He has not been seen or heard from since. Allen believes he was murdered.

The history of high grading is packed with incidents where people have been gypped by shifty individuals peddling phony gold. Gold broking is partly an outcome of the practice as mines have had in the past of establishing agents to buy back gold from high-graders. Some mines operators reckon it is much better to pay a high grader $12.50 an ounce for his gold than not have it at all. To high graders it's a the joke of the season when one of these agents is sold brass or lead.

A Spy Got His Fingers Burned

One of the best-known frauds was pulled off by a machinist at the Dome mine. He was approached by a disguised agent of the mining association who said he wanted to buy high grade. The machinist had been tipped off. He told the agent he intended to steal a gold brick from the Dome refinery.

Two days later the machinist had the brick out, eventually stamped "Dome Mines Ltd. $26,000.00 No. 85162." The agent was astounded it appeared to be the real thing. The machinist asked $13,000, half of the brick's value. The buyer was only carrying $2,000 but he took the brick and promised to pay the balance within 10 days.

A routine test told the agent his find was made of lead covered with gold leaf. When he protested to the machinist the latter said: "You damned spy, what are you going to do about it?" Nothing could be done. Today the brick is one of Bob Allen's prized souvenirs.

The airplane is the high-grader's newest tool and if is believed that much of today's illegal gold is smuggled out by air. But road and rails must be guarded too, on the ceaseless hunt for the gold racketeers. A new route may have been devised to get gold out of the country. One official believes that gold from Timmins and Kirkland Lake is routed north to Hearst where if is added to gold stolen from the Red Lake field of northwestern Ontario. Then the stuff could travel down the spidery Alpoma Central Railway to be carried across the border at Sault Ste. Marie, a town that has not previously figured on the high grader's map.

One thing is certain. As long as gold is dug there will be men to steal it.

When Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines built a golf course for its employees it erected an ornamental fireplace of rich gold ore in the clubhouse. The sight of that free gold was too much for someone. One night three years ago someone went to work with hammer and chisel and degolded the thing. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Why Half Our High-School Students Quit

By Fred Bodsworth

Fifty per cent of the children who start high school next fall won't get as far as matriculation. A new survey has come up with this startling disclosure — and even more startling reasons for it. If you've got children at school you will want to read MACLEAN'S AUGUST 1 ISSUE. On Sale July 26.



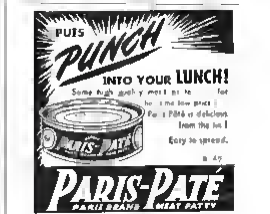
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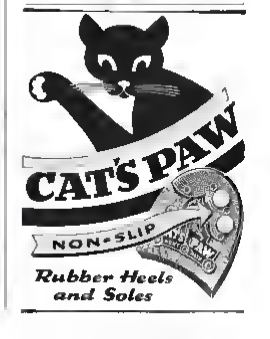


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Ministers Disagree About a Minister

JUNE CALLWOOD has written a sprightly study of a United Church minister ("Country Minister," June 1). It is an indirect tribute to all hard working Protestant clergymen. I am very glad that it was done and done in the way the author did it. I will introduce Mr. Currey and his useful ministry to Yale men preparing for both rural and urban churches.—Rev. David A. Maclennan, New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Maclennan is professor of preaching and pastoral care in the Yale Theology School. He was until recently Minister of Timothy Eaton Memorial United Church in Toronto.

● Congratulations to June Callwood. Her description of characters and his is "Country Minister" is excellent. The writer states that Mr. Currey joined The Winnipeg Rifles. "With that regiment he saw the fighting at Caen and Falaise." Padre Currey was attached to my unit, No. 2 CCS, R.C.A.M.C., April 3, 1944, and remained with us until the following November. During that time he accompanied us to Normandy on July 12 and remained on our nominal roll until we were in Ghent, Belgium. At times when the CCS was within a mile of the front line much too close for the benefit of postoperative cases, Padre Currey performed wonders as he spoke to everyone in his quiet cheerful way during the course of his daily. To him the word "fear" had no meaning.

In no way am I surprised you chose him for the subject of an article on the 25th anniversary of the United Church. Truly he is a faithful servant of the Master.—Ray E. N. McColl, ex-private R.C.A.M.C., St. John's Rectory, North Star, Alta.

● I am a minister of the United Church of Canada having served 13 four pastoral charges, one in a northern mining camp, one on the Prairies, one in a New Section agricultural centre and now in this rural inland town. I think surely this should mean I know the United Church and I know it to be very different from the over all impression left by this outrageous article.

I think I am most disgusted with the statement: "He doesn't drink, as some United Church ministers do." I would very much like to know the instances Miss Callwood could produce to verify that suggestion. . . . I have known only one minister of our communion who did drink; he was soundly disciplined by his presbytery.

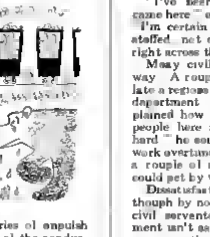
I think you have done the United Church of Canada a great disservice.—Rev. C. Daniel Matheson, Sydney Mines, N.S.

Swing It, Mac

John Large's "Swing that Dudel sack, Mac" (May 15) is amusing. There am, however, two rather unhappy mis-statements. Although I am a member of the Pipers Society of Ontario and a former treasurer I have never been president of the organization. Pipe Major Adam MacDonald is the president. The author has quoted me as "translating *ceol mor*" (without an "h") as small music. This will annoy sully pipers. It means "big music" and refers to what Mr. Large calls "piobroch."—Iain M. MacKay, M.D., Toronto.

The Train Stopped for a Bear

Ray Gardner's excellent article on the P.G.E. Railway ("Green Light for the Crazy Quilt Express," June 1) prompts me to relate the experience of a young Englishwoman who brought her two children down from the Caribou during the war on that famed railway. Her small son dropped his precious Teddy bear out of the window



of the train and his cries of anguish attracted the attention of the conductor who immediately had the train stopped to rescue the forlorn Teddy from his awful fate. I trust our P.G.E. will retain this spirit even after it becomes solvent.—Elizabeth M. Cox, Victoria.

Timely Article

All fair-minded people should be grateful to Maclean's and to Blair Fraser for his splendid summary of the conditions under which the Indians of Canada have been ekimp out as a canence for the past 75 years. ("But the Red Men Didn't Vanish," June 1). Having been closely associated with the Indians of this province for many years I can say that Mr. Fraser has pointed both sides of the picture with startling clarity.—John Laune, Calgary.

● Mr. Fraser is to be complimented on his very timely article. I would like to point out, however, that the Mohawk Institute (at Brantford) is not operated by the Indian School Administration of the Church of England (Anglican) in Canada.—Henry G. Cook, Ottawa.

The article mistakenly called the Mohawk Institute an Anglican school. Actually it is owned in England and leased by the Department of Indian Affairs. One of the stipulations of the lease is that an Anglican clergyman be in charge.

Due to an error not Mr. Fraser's the article read that "6 cowhorn nearby was warmer and better kept" than the Mohawk Institute. The comparison was intended to apply only to a basement recreation room of the institute which is being replaced. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 2

is to work out some schema with the overseas governments to relax currency restrictions for emigrants to Canada, with Ottawa bearing part of the burden. How or even whether this is to be done in the end nobody seems to know, but a lot of people think we'll have to try it, or let our immigrations plone drop.

• • •

Note to George Drew: According to one of our spies your campaign for economy is having some practical effect. The Government has stopped putting powder in the House of Commons powder rooms.

• • •

Jokes aside, the Opposition's drive for some scrutiny of Ottawa's administrative methods has raised a lot of serious discussion here. Liberal backbenchers, especially the newcomers, had a lot more sympathy with it than they admit in public.

"I've been shocked ever since I came here," one Liberal oneshyte said. "I'm certain the Government is overstaffed, not only here in Ottawa but right across the country."

Many civil servants feel the same way. A couple of months ago I went late a regional office in one government department. The local manager explained how it worked. "I've got 95 people here and they're all working hard," he said. "Often they have to work overtime. But if we could just get a couple of changes in the system I could get by with half the staff."

Dissatisfaction is pretty widespread, though by no means unanimous, other civil servants maintain the Government isn't as inefficient as it looks, or more so than any big organization. However, most critics outside the Progressive Conservative group are dubious about the PC's suggested cure by Royal Commission.

"We don't pay much attention to Royal Commissions," one civil servant admitted. "You tell them a lot of sweet nothings and they go away satisfied. The real way to go into this is by a committee of parliament. When we go before a bunch of M.Ps, we really have to be on our toes—and we are."

Drawback about that method is the constant temptation to look for political capital instead of constructive changes. Even the most discontented Liberal M.P. will fight berserk if the PCs or the CCFers are merely trying to dig up scandal. But if a reasonably nonpartisan group could be got together and asked to co-operate in a sincere effort to improve government machinery they might save us taxpayers a lot of money.

• • •

Last year Canada spent about $200,000 sending delegates to 130 international conferences. This year it looks as if the total will run to 150 or more—there have been 77 already. Contributions for the maintenance of international organizations run to $41½ million.

By U.S. standards this is peanuts. The United States attended 258 conferences of the 47 international organizations to which it belongs; these involved 6,000 meetings and 8,000 official documents in five official languages. The cost was $144 million.

In both countries more and more people are wondering if we get our money's worth out of all this conferring.

In February a U.S. Senate subcommittee reported that "there are too many international organizations, many of which appear to be performing similar or related functions." Also because U.S. Government departments were not equipped to handle all this new work, there was "a serious lack of co-ordination which may be resulting in waste and duplication and may also be hampering the effective presentation of government policy."

In private some conference delegates go even further. They think international organization has become a positive vice. "Whenever we run into a really tough problem," said one, "we appoint another committee to deal with it. Now we have so much machinery that we can spend all our time 'clearing' with each other and never have to get to grips with the problem itself."

• • •

Take the current economic situation of Europe and North America—the dollar crisis. First there is ECA (Economic Co-operation Administration), the Marshall Plan administration in Washington. Its opposite number in Europe is the OEEC (Organization for European Economic Co-operation). In Geneva, doing exactly the same kind of work in a slightly different way, is the ECE (Economic Commission for Europe). That's an agency of the United Nations Economic and Social Council commonly known as ECOSOC. There is also the Council of Europe, the quasi-parliamentary body set up last year at Strasbourg; it has an economic committee.

Then, of course, there's the International Trade Organization, another specialized agency of United Nations to which Iron Curtain countries don't belong. Those were the tariff and trade negotiations at Geneva. Havana, Annecy and—next September—Torquay, supposedly designed to solve the trade problems of the western world.

Side by side with all this are the so-called tripartite conferences at which Britain, the United States and Canada have tried to work out solutions to the dollar problem. The one at Washington last September put up a continuing committee. Occasional Commonwealth conferences, like the one in London in June, 1948, go over the same ground. So do the periodic meetings of the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund.

No government is able to man as many delegations. Senior officials are sent to many of them already but they spend a huge and costly fraction of their time away from home, but it's still necessary to staff others with junior people. Third secretaries cannot really speak for their governments; they can only repeat their instructions. So discussion with delegates of that calibre, however intelligent, is a waste of time.

"There are many instances," said a recent United Nations report, "of representatives of the same government voting differently on similar problems in different agencies."

Even governments can't keep track of the profusion of international bodies. The same UN report complained: "Some governments ask technical advisers on particular problems from one or more (UN) agencies as well as from other bodies. We also find separate requests to the same agency from different departments of the same government."

The U.S. Senate subcommittee urged the U.S. Government to oppose the creation of any more international organizations and to try to reduce the number and the cost of those we have now. Sounds like a good idea. ★

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BRITISH COLUMBIA

VANCOUVER'S appalling traffic toll (43 killed, 2 030 injured in 18 827 accidents during 1949) is being whittled down by the most severe crackdown on pedestrians and motorists in the city's history. The drive is credited with getting the accident rate by 30% in less than three months. a 50 to 60% slash is expected by the fall.

Until Chief Walter Mulligan sprang his "education through enforcement" campaign late in March jaywalkers wandered Vancouver streets with impunity. "Two out of every three pedestrians are breaking the law," said Mulligan. His men went to bat to prove him right, nabbed as many as 60 jaywalkers a day. One cop trapped 12 inside of an hour. During April and May 1 763 jaywalkers paid $8 815 in fines at $5 a head. During the same period last year not a single jaywalker was fined.

Things were just as tough for motorists. During April and May 1949 only 416 drivers were nabbed for speeding. 1 575 were caught this April and May. The number of drivers caught breaking school zone restrictions jumped from 315 to 1 240. Total number of traffic violators among motorists zoomed from 1 168 to 5 422. The number of parking tickets issued this April (7 124) was double the number issued last April.

Fines collected in April and May were $5 000 more than in the same two month period last year. The accident rate in May was the lowest recorded since August, 1947. Property damage caused by motor accidents dropped $5 000 to April's first full month of the drive, and $1 000 in May.

At least the police were playing no favorites. Police car 23 was ticketed parking in the lane behind the police station. The prowl car officers were fined $2.50.

THE PRAIRIES

The oil boom has reached up the Alaska Highway, bringing scenes reminiscent of the Pacific northwest boom when the big road was built.

Scouts and surveying parties from the big oil companies are fanning out from the highway towns in search of prospects, traveling usually in 30-animal pack trains with a ton and a half of food as well as other supplies. The oil men have bought up hundreds of pack horses; there isn't a spare pack animal left in Dawson Creek, Fort St. John and the other highway towns.

Land seekers are streaming in, too. There's plenty of good cheap land still available near the settlements and, if oil were discovered in the area, its value would soar.

* * *

The people of Maryfield Sask. (pop. 363), had a nasty shock one recent morning. A block and a half of their main street had turned into as nice a summer fallow as you could see.

Two of the boys had been celebrating the night before and got a sudden urge to plow. With a powerful tractor and new cultivator they made short work of the main street.

By the time the culprits were tracked down council had gone to work with rollers and scrapers and the street was in its best condition in years. So the revelers had really done the town a favor and no charges were laid.

ONTARIO

It was meant to be a footbridge over a railway line. It was opposed to give residents of Rosedale in Toronto access to Moore Park and vice versa. It was designed to avoid steps so that the pusher of a baby buggy could still negotiate the Mclennan Avenue hill, now closed to wheeled and foot traffic under an old agreement between the city and the CPR which allows only one track crossing east of Yonge Street.

But there was no denying the structure looked more like a roller coaster than anything else. It swooped east-west up and down. A pedestrian could navigate its ramps and overpass in four and a half minutes, covering out 680 feet later and 23 feet higher. When he had got to the top he still faced a 187-step climb to the brow of the hill.

The footbridge was made necessary by a new north-south traffic speedway which took the only permissible crossing east of Yonge. The speedway cost $4 millions; the bridge $45 000. The uproar and fuss about each was approximately the same.

Rosedale and Moore Park bowled when the footbridge was unveiled. Cartoonists had a field day. Reporters called it a mouse maze, a squirrel run, or Rosedale Folly. Everybody blamed somebody else although the design had been approved all along the line. Hol



The Rosedale roller coaster. Everybody okayed it; nobody liked it. (see Ontario)

ever, were exchanged in council. Controller Innes had his knuckles rapped for posing for a picture mopping his brow after negotiating the bridge.

Only the kids were all for the bridge. They can hardly wait till next winter.

THE MARITIMES

The age old tug of war between the ports of Saint John and Halifax which was shelved for more pressing business during the war will soon be in full swing again. Saint John has dealt the first blow by recapturing the Canadian Pacific's winter trans-Atlantic passenger trade which it lost 19 years ago.

Saint John was the winter home of CPS until 1931, when a fire destroyed its immigration facilities. Since then passengers have debarked at Halifax traveled CNR to Saint John and then transferred to the CPR. The city has regularly petitioned the federal government to replace the passenger building. It was finally built and is now ready for use. It cost over $1 million, contains a theatre, a hospital ward, restaurants—even a padded cell for immigrants who go mad.

To make good the business it is losing, Halifax announced a policy of going after trade. Saint John, too, hopes to have a full-time representative traveling through Canada "selling" its port. The battle is on. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Jim Coleman Tells

How Red Dutton Made His Million

Canada's top sportswriter tells the whole story behind the country's top sports success: Normon Alexander Mervyn "Red" Dutton, the hockey star who became a millionaire contractor.

IN MACLEAN'S AUGUST 1 ON SALE JULY 26

WIT AND WISDOM

Keep the Lid Down—When you shut your eye to temptation be careful it doesn't turn out to be a mink.—*Calgary Herald*

Unpalatable Tablets—It seems incredible 35 million laws and no improvement on the Ten Commandments.—*Manchester Ont., Press*

The Church Tri-Emphasized—A good leader hammers home his message constantly. Like the preacher who thus described his sermon: "I get up and tells 'em what I'm goin' to tell 'em, and then I tells 'em, and then I tells 'em what I've told 'em."—*Calgary Albertan*

Light Chastisement—Definition of the modern home: A place where a switch regulates everything except the children.—*Stratford Beacon-Herald*

They Start With Scratch—If living conditions don't stop improving in this country we're going to run out of humble beginnings for our great men.—*Guelph Mercury.*

Uncovered—A gravedigger absorbed in his thoughts dug the grave so deep he couldn't get out.

Came nightfall and he shouted for help, attracting the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted. "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable gravedigger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."—*Victoria Colonist*

Material Disadvantage—It was the first vaudeville performance the old woman had ever seen and she was particularly excited over the feats of the magician. But when he covered a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read the print through it she grew a little nervous. He then doubled the cloth and again read the letters accurately.

This was more than she could stand and, rising in her seat she said: "I'm goin' home. This ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress."—*Lion's Gate Times-West Vancouver B.C.*

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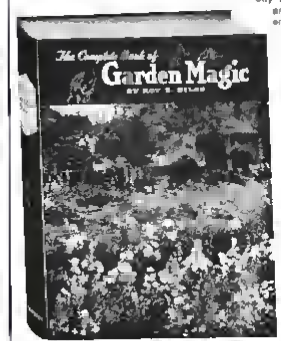
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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

WITH SCHOOL closed for another season, our favorite teacher of 1949-50 is still the music instructor in Saskatoon who returned triumphantly to school from the provincial music festival where her pupils had copped two firsts. Striding into the main hall she shouted "We won!" and exuberantly rang the fire alarm.

• • •

Toronto woman on an overnight train trip was taken aback to see another woman pick up the tooth-



brush which she had just laid down. Her automatic protest brought an prompt an apology. "I'm so sorry," explained the other woman, "I thought it belonged to the train."

• • •

There was an unscheduled floor show in a Nanaimo beer parlor when a group of celebrating fishermen brought along with them a baby seal they had captured. All the other patrons enjoyed the little flapper's antics but one of his captors became more concerned with every drunk at the probable discomfort of the seal "who hasn't been near the water f'four days!" Finally they all marched upstairs to the hotel's public bathroom, set the taps to gushing and dumped the seal in for a swim. Then they returned to their beers.

The proprietor was furious at finding water cascading through his ceiling and a seal cavorting in his bathtub. Nobody could blame him for driving the miscreants out into the street, but that was before he began to wonder what on earth he was going to do with a live baby seal, whereupon the other customers were delighted to see him rush into the street again and implore the affronted fishermen to return for their companion.

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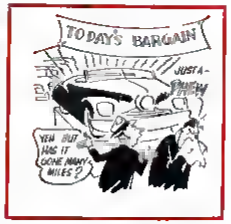
The California car drove onto the tiny summer ferry at Hamsburg, Alta., which carries travelers across the North Saskatchewan on one of the less frequently used routes to the resort of Cold Lake. A woman in an American party was fascinated by just everything about the ferry—its schedule, its speed, the traffic carried, etc. But just as the trip ended she gave a little shiver and exclaimed to the skipper, "Well, it seems to be a very pleasant occupation in this weather but I'm sure I wouldn't like your job during these 40-below winters I've heard about!"

• • •

Toronto man was given a pair of tickets to the Ontario Regional Drama Festival at Hart House Theatre and persuaded a friend to go with him, though he knew the other fellow's taste ran more to sport and rightly suspected he'd never before attended such an event. They both enjoyed the program immensely, however, and after the last curtain he took his pal backstage to meet some friends among the players. The host was just paying a pretty compliment to a leading lady when he was dumbfounded to see his sporting pal heartily pumping the hand of British adjudicator Maxwell Wray and exclaiming, "You've got a tough job but I guess you calls 'em as you sees 'em!"

• • •

This tourist was a city fellow in a shiny convertible, a young and impatient guy whose nicers started snapping when he found himself trapped on a narrow bridge near Bala, Ont., behind a farmer driving a horse-



drawn manure spreader. His hand began a determined tattoo on the horn which stopped so abruptly as it began when the farmer calmly kicked the lever and set the spreader spraying its load indiscriminately over the driver, upholstery and hood.

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